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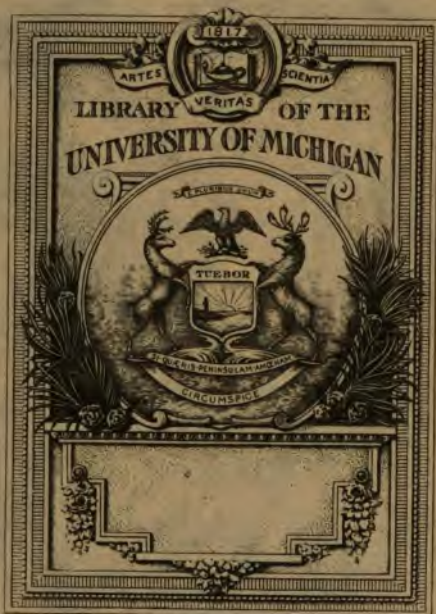
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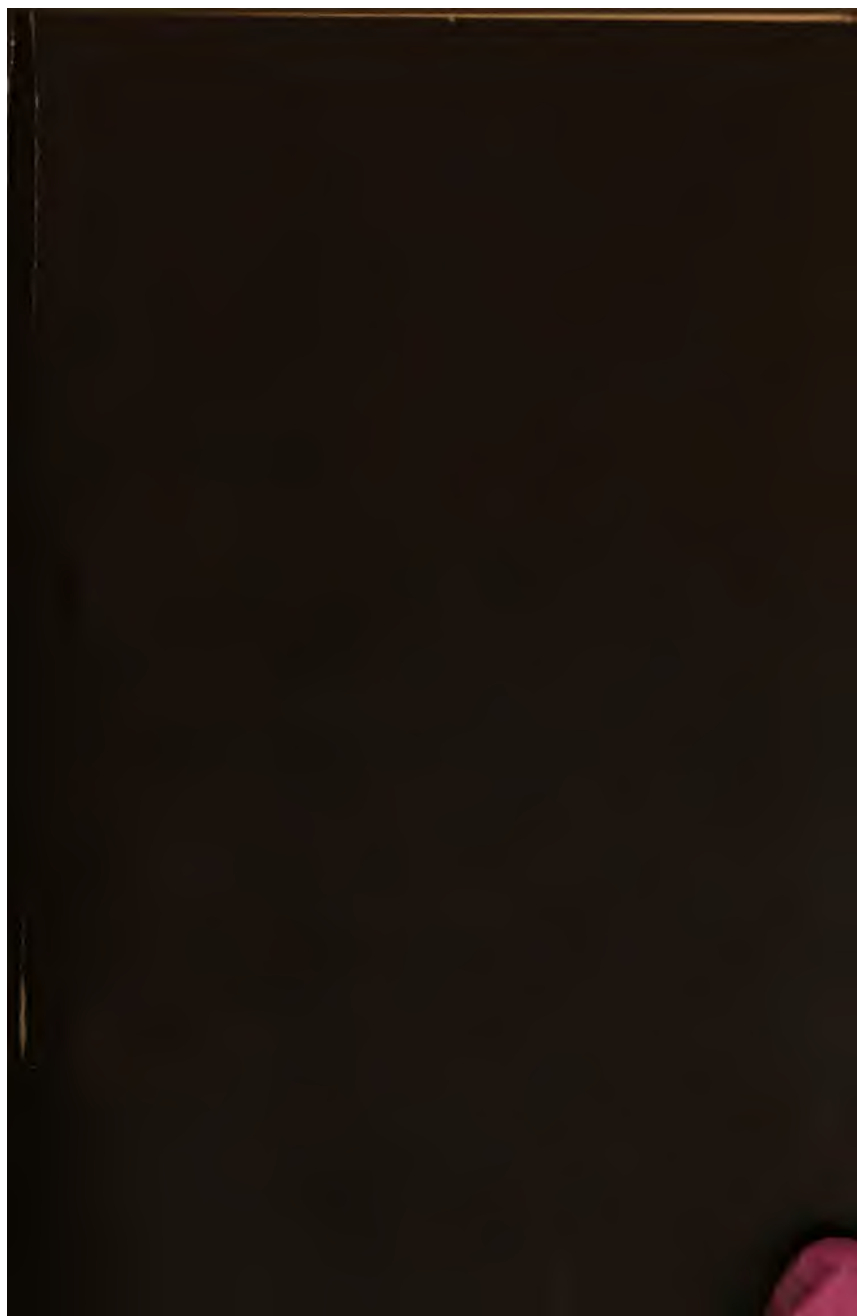
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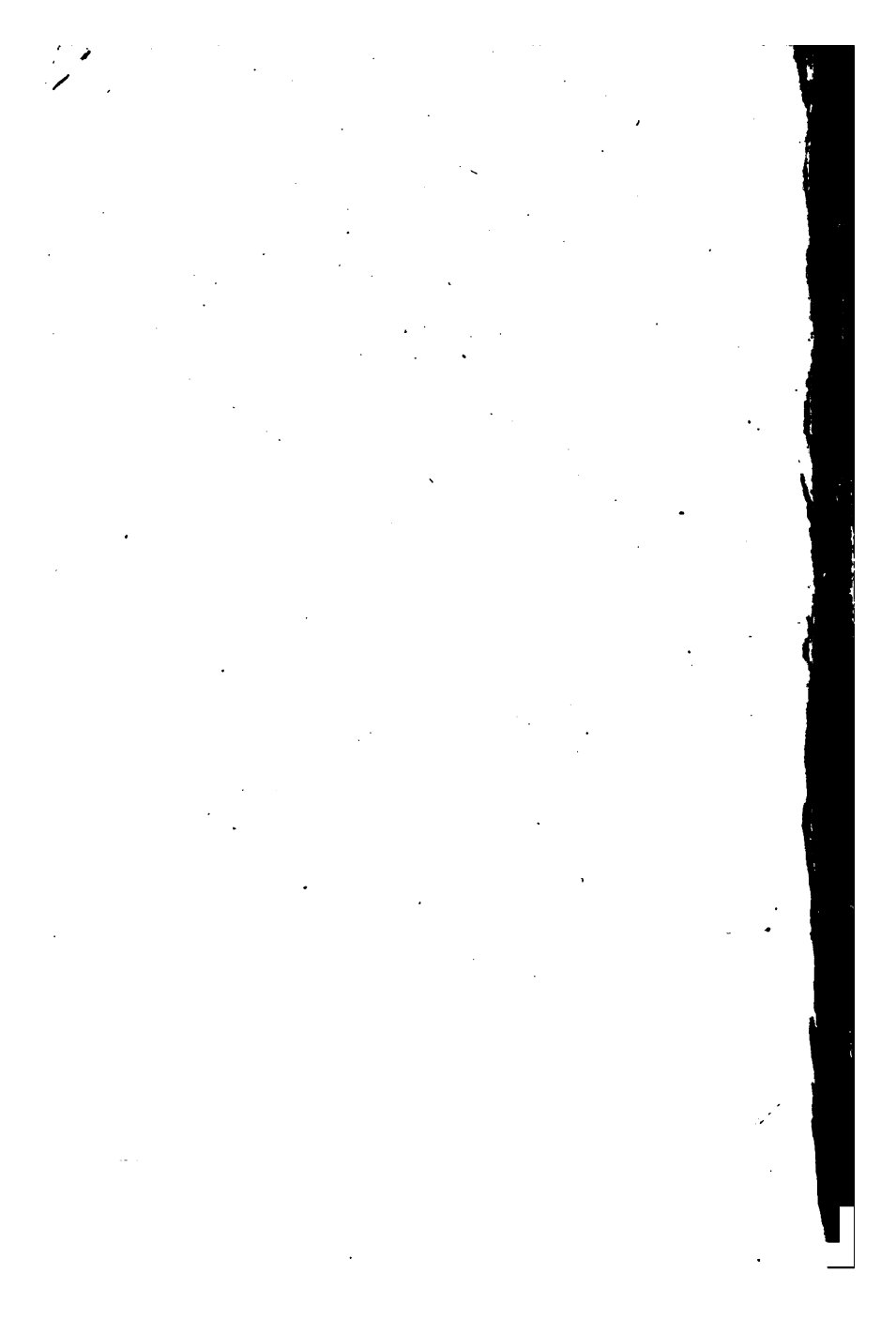
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Wm. Henry Channing

LEAVES OF SPRING

GATHERED IN AUTUMN.



LEAVES OF SPRING

GATHERED IN AUTUMN.

W. H. C.

*Embodying references to wrecks on
the Great Lakes, Beaver Island, in
1850, The Old Press Press of Detroit, etc.*

Leaves scattered abroad during the life of the Author, and affectionately gathered and bound together as a memento.

PRESS OF

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

1883.

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A MYRTLE FLOWER.

(Dedicated to my Mother.)

I LIFT the curtain of the past
With memory's trembling hand,
And in a far-off graveyard gate
Among the dead I stand.

A landscape leafless, vast and dim,
The landscape of long years,
Looms on my vision till my heart
Bursts into burning tears.

Faces, oh, God, how loved ! flit by,
And one most lily fair
Looks on me with her long-lashed eyes,
Tossing her golden hair.

Lost, oh, forever lost to me !
For one soft morn in May
Some jealous angels saw her smile,
Then beckoned her away.

Here on a quiet river's bank
Where the mournful pine-trees wave,
I'm kneeling down to-night again
Beside my mother's grave.

Last summer, burdened sore with grief,
When the sun went down to rest,
I worshipp'd, a lone pilgrim there,
From the land of the distant West.

Waiting until the silver stars
Were lighted one by one,
When to my ear a whisper fell,
"My son ! my own dear son !"

I looked around, but started not,
To think no one was near ;
For well I knew that gentle voice,
And wherefore should I fear ?

Stoopin , like a pure azure gem
On a fresh myrtle-vine,
I saw one single, pale, blue flower
Down 'mid the dark leaves shine.

'Twas strange, but not another flower
Or blossom could be found,

On all the many vinegrown graves,
In that old burial ground.

I plucked, and kiss'd it as a type
And token to the just ;
That so their souls shall bloom again
In beauty from the dust.

And now, press'd on the perfumed page,
A gift from Death to me,
It lies,—a precious souvenir
Of a mother's memory.

Thus, too, in my own book of life,
Like this sweet flower, though dead,
May her remembrance o'er its leaves
A holy perfume shed !

THE DELUGE,

OR THE RAVEN AND THE DOVE.

(Suggested by the eighth chapter of Genesis and a sermon in "Bible Emblems.")

AMID the jests, and taunts, and ridicule
Of the licentious, mocking multitude,
The good old Patriarch, at God's command,
And his believing household, walked with the
Firm, unfaltering step of fearless faith
Into the Ark, and then the door was shut,—
That door through which alone salvation from
The fierce, impending deluge could be found,—
Shut, no more to be opened till upon
The peaks of Ararat, where Noah, like
A second Adam, should again go forth,
The father of another race,—a race
Of Kings, Priests, Prophets, and the star-crowned Babe,
By bright hosts heralded ; the Wonderful;
The Mighty Counsellor, the Prince of Peace!
For seven days after, still the golden sun

Smiled like a bridegroom to the blushing East ;
The stars at evening welcomed the sweet moon,
Though winds breathed softly as a mother's sigh,
And the strong tides of ocean ebb'd and flowed,
Obedient to their ancient boundaries.
Men ate and drank, and gave in marriage,
And made merry at the motionless, quaint
Craft that rested on the sands, and the poor
Pious fools shut up within. Serenely
Came the rosy morning of the eighth day,
When lo ! at noon, around the horizon's rim,
A sudden belt of darkness slow uprose ;
Higher and swifter, blacker and broader,
Converging to the zenith, till it met,
Shrouding the blue sky with unnatural night,
And the sun's brightness with a mask of blood.
It was the shadow of Jehovah's wrath,—
The pall of guilty Nature's burial !
Low, muffled thunder rolled like a dirge
Continuous its deep diapason ;
The weird wind shrieked and wailed like voices
Of lost spirits wandering through the gloom,
Lit ever and anon by quiv'ring shafts
Of forked flame ; prophetic of that storm
So long delayed, and sneered at by the lewd
And God-defying nations Noah warned.

A crash ! a startling, rattling, shivering
Crash, loud as the electric peal of
All the artillery of heaven combined,
And then the windows of the firmament
Were opened, and the fountains of the deep
Were broken up ; the rain, no more the soft,
Rejoicing, blessed rain, diffusing bloom
And fragrance through the garden and the grove,
And dropping fatness on the furrowed field, but
Fell like a curse, in ponderous torrents,
On the fair bosom of the trembling earth.
The rippling brooks of yesterday, that danced
Along the meadows, singing to the sun
Their jubilate, now to rivers rose
Tumultuous above their velvet banks ;
The crystal springs that tinkled down the hills
Like silver bells in foaming cataracts
Rushed roaring to the plains ; and the great sea
By howling hurricanes was wildly driven
Beyond its shores, submerging with its huge
Green billows forests, flocks and herds, white tents,
And purple vineyards, thatch'd roofs in the vale,
And cities vast, and populous, and vile.

“ Ah ! woe is me ! ” then cried the frantic crowd
Of bold blasphemers and their wanton wives,
Who for long years had laughed with obscene

And scornful mirth at the lying oracles
Of the "mad Prophet," as they called the pure
And only-righteous one of all the earth.
The mighty men of war, who filled the land
With violence, led by the giants
Of those days who bared their brawny arms
Of shaggy strength against the Omnipotent,
Now fled affrighted to the caverns
And the loftiest coverts of the mountains ;
Or, aghast and paralyzed with terror
And despair, drank madly of the oblivious
Cup, and with their drowning, impious breath,
In drunken recklessness, cursed God and died.
Many, irresolute and impotent
To fly, hid their pale faces in their hands,
Waiting their doom in speechless agony ;
While keen remorse, the worm that dieth not,
Gnawed at their shuddering and hopeless hearts.
But most, in mingling, countless caravans,
Bewildered fugitives across the plains,
Thousands on tens of thousands, sought the hills
By the red lightning's vivid, ghastly glare.
In vain ; for met by swift, resistless floods,
Or smitten by the blinding, crushing rain,
They sank amid the gurgling waters, soon
To be the cold, deep sepulchre of all
The millions of a lost, apostate world !

And now the distrusted ark, with neither mast
Nor sail, rudder or oar, majestic moved,
Buoyant and steady, on the boisterous
And boundless sea ; guided by His strong hand
Who “ rides upon the whirlwind and directs
The storm,”—sole citadel of safety,
That survived the fury of the elements ;
Lone life-boat of the faithful, eight elect !
The forty days and nights were ended,
And the venerable Noah opened now
The window of the Ark, and gazed upon
That ocean-solitude without a shore !
The rain had ceased, the volleying thunders
Boomed like signal-guns no more,—the angry
Winds had lulled into a requiem, that
Sadly moaned above the uncoffin’d dead ;
Whilst through the cold, gray mist the mournful sun
Shone in a dim, funereal eclipse.
Oh, what a dismal panorama
Of the penalties and hideousness of sin !

A Raven then as messenger was sent
By the Prophet to bring back signs of land,
If any loomed up yet o’er the waters waste.
Away upon the dusky waste he roamed,—
Flapping his strong black wings and croaking

With a greedy cry as he snuff'd afar
The tainted gale,—till, perching on some corse
That floated by, gorged to the full his foul
And loathsome appetite. A week had passed,—
The Raven to the Ark returned no more.
He was in his native element, preferring wrecks,
Ruin and corruption, dark shades, and
The tempest's desolating swoop to purity,
Peace, and the calm, soothing sunshine
Of a cloudless sky. A Dove was next unloosed
On the hopeful mission,—a poor, timid, meek-eyed,
Plaintive bird,—unlike the Raven, lured
By gluttony to circling o'er putrid prey,
Or sailing like a demon on the murky air.
Up from the dreary wilderness of waves,
Alarmed, it swiftly soared above the vapors
To a brighter realm, where far and wide it flew,
Hoping to find a resting-place on some lone shore,
Mountain-top, or isle, and with the olive bough
Of promise hasten home. Alas! no green leaf
In its beak was borne to cheer the anxious
Patriarch,—no Ararat yet reared its head
In token of earth's resurrection from its grave;
But back, on drooping, weary wing,
With ruffled plumage, to the sheltering
Ark the trusty courier sped its way.

Emblems and types of ev'ry human soul
Are these two birds,—which is thy counterpart,
Oh, pilgrim, to eternity? Scan well
These pictures in thy heart, and prove
Which of the poet's photographs reflect the mirror
Of God's truthful, holy word within *thy* inner self.
Art thou still content to feed upon
The carnal food of secret lusts,
And listen to the siren voice of each
Temptation of the Evil One? Make gold,
Debauch, the pomp and pleasures of this world,
The idols of thy worship and thy heart's
Sole, highest aims of happiness? Then, like
The sensual Raven, thou hast bid farewell
Forever to the Ark, to hope, and heaven!
But, if sin-sick and sated with joys
Of sense; tired of tinselled follies
And the painted baubles of its vanities;
Betrayed and sadden'd by its broken vows
Of love and friendship; finding no rest
For thy doubting, downcast, pining soul,
For some peaceful Eden, "where the wicked
Cease from troubling and the weary are at rest;"
Oh, soul immortal! angels beckon thee
Beyond the burning stars, like the long
Wandering, fluttering, returning Dove.
Fly! *haste* thee, ere thy pinions fail,

To the Ark of safety ; the Ark
Of the new covenant, where Jesus waits ;
And He, thy Savior, Friend, Lord of Life,
Conqueror of Death and Hell,
With His gentle hand, shall take thee in !

RUINS OF THE CASTLE OF COLONNA.

THE history of the Colonna is interwoven with that of modern Rome, and the family stands highest among the peers and princes of that now "Niobe of Nations."

"Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe,
An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago."

A noble race, which, in the revolutions of seven hundred years, has often been illustrated with merit, and always by fortune. The houses of Colonna (a pillar) and Ursuli (bears) were rivals, whose private annals are replete with deeds of chivalric daring during the long hostilities of their fierce feudal strife. The eagle and the keys were the emblems of their adverse banners. The elder Stephen, Petrarch loved and esteemed as a hero worthy of ancient Rome. In his persecution and exile, when tauntingly asked, "Where is now your fortress?" laid his hand on his heart and answered, "Here!"

This castle is about twelve miles from Rome, on a branch of the Tiber. After its conquest and demolition by Rienzi, the ground was marked by a ploughshare, the emblem of perpetual desolation.

REUNION OF THE "SKETCH-CLUB."

NEW YORK, AUGUST 30, 1858.

(In the room where Professor Morse perfected his Atlantic telegraph.)

HERE, from the city's surging roar shut out
By academic walls, are gather'd in
A gifted group, at Art's rare festival,
Painters and sculptors, orators and bards,
High disciples of the Beautiful,—
The noble brotherhood of Genius,—
Each bringing offerings of homage to
The altar of his heart's fidelity.
These are the city's solitary men ;
Not sordid, battling with the multitude
For gold, or glory, with blood-stained plume ;
Not aspirants for venal spoils or power ;
But leading gentle, quiet, cloister'd lives,
Young hermits in Imagination's cells,—
Patient, yet panting to adorn the domes
And galleries of the outer world
With glorious trophies of the Ideal !

Toil on, brave brothers ; though the weary night
Of penury and cold indifference
Be long and dark, faint not upon your path,
For in the orient soon the morning star
Shall rise, and golden dawn, with radiant smiles,
Beckon you onward to immortal day !

Not many years ago, in this same hall,
Musing, an artist sat. He was not old
In age, yet pondering on a problem,
Which became a restless, ever-present thought,
Had etch'd Time's shadows on the student's brow ;
But still, like a Chaldean seer, or some
Grave, monkish necromancer, mastering
The mystic circles of astrology.
Or alchemist, he fed the crucible
Of his wild, feverish hopes, and sleepless worked
The wizard spells of his philosophy.
E'en he forsook love's first love of youth,—
Painting, that sweet Madonna of the mind,
At whose pure shrine he bent the knee of fresh
And early worship, and turned coldly from
Her costly souvenirs around his walls
To render fealty to his soul's new queen !

One mighty purpose loomed before his life,—
Spectral, and vast, and vague, but taking form

With each day's intimacy,—till at last
 He grappled with its mystery, and like
 A giant, wrestled for the victory.
 Out on the wild sea, 'mid the hurtling storm,
 Where hiss'd the lightning's blinding blaze and shook
 The strong ship like an aspen to its keel,
 Beneath the thunder-crash was born the great,
 Sublime conception ! and, upon the shore,
 It haunted him amid the city's hum,
 And would not leave him, till, Prometheus-like,
 He dared to draw from heaven the sacred
 Fire and animate his own creation !

The hour at last had come,—silence and night
 Had hushed the Babel City to deep sleep.
 Around the walls of the magician's room
 A circuit ran, three miles of air-hung wires ;
 And on a table stood the sealed jar,
 Where prison'd coil'd the fiery messenger.
 Trembling, he wrote "Eureka !" when a flash,
 Electric, like a ray swift travelling
 From the sun, thrill'd through each palpitating,
 Iron vein, and lo ! *upon a spotless*

Scroll, unroll'd, a hand *invisible wrote*
 The wing'd word "Eureka !" The artist's dream
 Was realized ; and now blooms upon his brow
 The laurel of his country's gratitude !

From mountain-top to mountain-top ; along
 The valley's sun-kiss'd fields ; across the foam
 Of rushing rivers ; by the silver sands
 Of crystal lakes ; above the prairies' broad
 And silent sea of beauty ; through the green
 Leaves of the forest and the curling smoke
 Of cities,—through and over all, along
 The talismanic chain, fast as a star
 Shot from its sphere, the obedient lightning flies,
 And with its Tongue of Fire, a faithful slave,
 Proclaims the mandates of its master, Man !

But a still nobler triumph must be won.
 Ambition, like great Cæsar's, when he sighed
 For other worlds to conquer, not content
 With scaling high Olympus, and with bold,
 Titanic courage, wrestling from the red
 Right hand of Jove the Thunderer his hot
 And blazing arrows, ministers no more
 Of wrath, but couriers of glad tidings to
 The nations ; not satisfied with earth and
 Air for vassals, covets the sceptre of
 The untamed sea, and arrogantly claims,
 Down in the undisturbed, unfathom'd, dark
Unknown, a charter for *his* right of way !
 And lo ! again pale Science, with a heart
 Of iron, and unquailing eye, stands like

A monarch on a gallant vessel's deck,
While at her signal of command adown
The pathless waves the cable quiv'ring sinks,
Safe on the firm foundations God himself
Laid and reserved for us, the people of
His choice. Then let the earth and sea be glad,
And "Gloria in excelsis" up to heaven
Rise from a thousand domes, and mingle with
The jubilee of bells; let cannons boom;
And on the palaces and hill-tops of
Two worlds unfurl together to the sun
The unconquer'd standards of the cross and stars,
While the huge heart of ocean pulsates to
The song of "Peace on earth, good-will to man!"

SWEET CHARITY.

BEFORE me flashed a radiant, jewelled throng,
Whose starry eyes outshone the dazzling sheen
Of diamonds; rounded arms and tapering
Fingers which Praxiteles might covet
For a model; raven ringlets, veiling
Necks of snow, or waving, fair-haired tresses,
Dallying on dimpled cheeks of blushing rose,—
The peerless dames and daughters of the North.
Around me stood the venerable sire,
The black-gown'd priest, the thoughtful student, and
The perfumed, white-gloved, dainty exquisite,—
The honest, labor-bronzed mechanic with
The merchant prince,—all met and mingling in
A joyous group; and well they might look happy,
For they came—though the storm howled, with its cold,
Plashing rain and winter wind—to offer
On the angel-shrine of Charity, like
Pious pilgrims, each his benison and
Alms to bless the pale-faced poor!

* * * * *

I listened, spell-bound, for a gush melodious,

Like the fabled minstrelsy of the mermaids
Singing to the sleeping, silvery sea,
Or like a poet's dream of tinkling bells
In fairy-land ; so floated, on the hushed,
Charmed air, those strains ; now clear and liquid as
The sky-lark's morning hymn, when, circling high
And higher yet in heaven's pure blue, he soars,
And shakes his glad wings in the glittering
Glories of the golden sun ; now soft and
Sad as vespers in the dim cathedral
Choir,—or stealing on the senses like the
South wind on a bed of violets, with the
Hum of honey-bees,—or waves, by moonlight,
On the shell-enamelled shore,—or far-off
Echoes in Arcadia's vales, where pastoral
Pipes told to the whispering woods the simple
Shepherd's tale of love upon the azure
Hill-tops of the isles of Greece ! Oh ! tell me
Not of girlish beauty,—coral lips and
Alabaster brow, and dark eyes sparkling,
Blazing with the lightning-flash of passion,
Or the mild blue, melting with the tenderness
That wells up from a gentle, virgin heart.
These have their power and sorcery ;
But more than these, her magic and her might,—
The unseen queenly sceptre that she wields
O'er stubborn wills,—the potent talisman

That wooes and wins to her allegiance,—
Breathes, and sighs, and is embalmed in a sweet,
Low-toned, lute-like voice ; suasive alike in
Words of kindness softly spoken, or when
Heard in bird-like bursts and carollings of song !
Oh, woman ! from my boyhood I have been
A willing vassal to thy witchery ;
Ever from the first homage paid by man,
When his entranced and wondering eyes met thine,
In strange, but instant, mutual worship, couched
Upon the velvet moss, curtaining with vines
Of blooming drapery, thy face and form,
Amid the spangled buds and birds of Eden,
Thou hast been and *will be* earth's chief idol.
As a bride, thy bright brow garlanded with
Orange wreaths, thy young heart trembling like thy
Little hand, now as the gold ring binds thee
At the altar with its endless circle,—
Emblem of thy fate,—thou art most beautiful !
As mother, lisping lullabies of love
To thine own cherub on thy bosom nestled
Like a dove, turning its blue eye up to
Thine, where crystal tears of rapture gather
As you gaze,—it is a picture making
Home a Paradise ! As sister, leaning on
A brother's arm,—confiding, faithful,
Fond, forgiving ! But when thou dost give up

All these charms,—deny this gay world with its
Pomp and siren pleasures, and its palaces
And festal halls, where wealth and fashion reign,
With gorgeous revelries of banquet, dance,
And song ; and in the quiet convent cell,
Before the Bible and the Crucifix
Of Christ, dost there devote thy life and love
To Him, and all the friendless lazar-sons
Of sickness, want, and woe,—seeking unasked
The fetid pest-house, where the bravest shrink,
With noiseless step and fearless faith ; and, like
A seraph, bending o'er the bed of death,
Unwearied, in thy vestal vigils to the
Lonely orphan, or the helpless, hopeless,
Haggard wanderer, far from his dear home,—
Then shines, like Bethlehem's sainted, Saviour star,
A new, celestial gem in woman's heart !

BARNHARDT'S BAND AT EVENING.

PLEASANT on Biddle's balcony
At twilight 'tis to stand,
And listen to the melody
That bursts from Barnhardt's band.

Merry the promenaders pass,
Gay beaus and bright-eyed belle,
While on the breeze the liquid notes
In soft waves sink and swell.

Entranced they stop, as sadly sweet
Some old familiar tune
Floats by, whilst o'er the dusky roofs
Sails up the silver moon.

Hark, how the mellow bugle rings
Along the deep-blue sky ;
Dissolving, lingering, dying like
A dream, or gentle sigh.

And now in loud and stern alarum
 The rattling drum rolls out
 Its war-beat to the cornet's blast
 And the shrill trumpet's shout.

Sound ! sound again, in brazen clang,
 That wild, triumphant strain !
 It makes the stagnant heart's blood leap
 To life in every vein !

Well did the master-poet sing,
 " Treason and spoils " control
 The knavish deeds of him who hath
 " No music in his soul. "

'Tis a sweet night,—a single cloud,
 Like a lone Arab's tent
 Pitched in the desert, hangs its folds
 On the hushed firmament !

NEVERMORE.

LIKE the tolling of a church-bell
O'er the slow and muffled tread
Of the mournful, mute pall-bearers,
Sounds that dirge-word for the dead,
Never, never, nevermore !

And whenever I pronounce it ;
As the voice of one most dear,
But *departed*, long it lingers,
Ringing, knelling in my ear,
Never, never, nevermore !

And autumn's sobbing, chilling wind,
Through the yellow graveyard grass,
O'er the gray and solemn tombstones,
Rustling by, it seems to pass,
Never, never, nevermore !

'Mid old mouldering, ivied ruins,
Hoary hall, and tumbling tower ;

NEVERMORE.

Where the slimy serpent creepeth,
There it echoes, hour by hour,
Never, never, nevermore !

By the melancholy sea-side,
Where the breakers roll and roar,—
Listen, how the hoarse waves howl it !
Dashing, dying on the shore,—
Never, never, nevermore !

From the haunted hollow hill-side,
In the murdered traveller's groan,
At the ghostly hour of midnight,
You may hear it, gasping moan,
Never, never, nevermore !

In the silent, sleeping city ;
From the steeple's sentry-height ;
Hark ! the iron hammer peals it,
Telling of Time's resistless flight,
Never, never, nevermore !

In the sudden, paling splendor
Of the silver shooting-star,
As adown the dusk it falleth,
Floats a whisper from afar,
Never, never, nevermore !

In the hushed and dim sick-chamber,
From the darkness on the wall,
To the quivering lip it stealeth,
Muttering in death's raven call,
Never, never, nevermore !

When upon the crape-bound coffin
Drops the heavy, clammy clod,
Oh ! then shrieks the widowed bosom,
'Neath the crushing hand of God,
Never, never, nevermore !

In the storm, when sinks the sailor ;
Hopeless, looking to the sky,
As the great sea gurgles o'er him,
Comes that piercing spirit-cry,
Never, never, nevermore !

In the weary soldier's bivouac,
In the cannon's conquering boom,
In the battle-shout it waileth,
Over banner, steed, and plume,
Never, never, nevermore !

Scholar, Warrior, Painter, Poet !
In Fame's guerdon put no trust,

NEVERMORE.

For her golden trumpet only
Wakes this warning from thy dust,
Never, never, nevermore !

Household faces, once how worshipped !
Loved Penates of the Past,
Gone ! forgotten ! while oblivion
Murmurs in bleak winter's blast,
Never, never, nevermore !

Boyhood's sinless brow, now wrinkled,
Manhood's eagle-eye grown dim,
Youth and Beauty, broken-hearted,
Chanting in Love's funeral hymn,
Never, never, nevermore !

Yesterday—where has it vanished ?
Its lone voyage who can learn ?
Like a shadow on a dial
Fled with sunset, to return
Never, never, nevermore !

Yet, Life hath a long *To-morrow*
In the land to which we go !
There the soul no pain nor parting,
Grief or guilt, again shall know,
Never, never, nevermore !

THE HEROINE OF HUNGARY.*

At Oedenburg's old warlike town
A high-born lady gave,
In her ancestral halls, a feast
In honor of the brave.

Right merry was that gallant crowd,
I ween, that happy night,
Where torches blazed and white plumes waved,
And maidens' eyes beamed bright.

The spurr'd heel on the marble floor
Rang loud, but louder yet,

* At Oedenburg Madame Schmidt, a gentlewoman of high birth and fascinating manners, held by all in utmost respect, was reported to have exclaimed at a dinner-table "Hurrah for Kossuth!" This reached the ears of Haynau, and he ordered her to be bound, led in the public streets, and scourged. Amidst the gleam of bayonets, with trembling limbs and a countenance white and bloodless, the lady was being led to the open Platz, when suddenly a gush of warm blood spurted from her mouth and she fell to the stones dead. Nature could not bear up against the killing sense of shame.

The wassail when Hungarian hearts
Around the banquet met.

In dance and song, in peace and war,
The soldier is brave and true,
And barons bold at beauty's shrine
Their vows of love renew.

And now while each his goblet fills,
The lady riseth up,
And with the purple wine fills high
A massive golden cup.

Her dark eye like a diamond flashed,
She waved her lily hand,
And stood, impassioned, proud and pale,
Type of her loved, lost land.

She raised her voice, like an eagle screamed,
"Who'll here be Austria's slave?"
And as her swan-white bosom heaved,
"*Hurrah! for Kossuth brave!*"

The lights are out,—the revelry
Is hushed in that dim hall,
And silence like a ghost flits round
The late gay festival.

THE DEATH.

The morning sunbeams gild the towers
Of Oedenburg's old town ;
A gloomy man in a gloomy room
Is pacing up and down.

Haynau the Tyrant ! It is he.
Sudden he stops : a spy
Walks in and whispereth some words
Of fearful mystery.

Like a hyena's eye that glares
Upon a human grave
When it snuffs the flesh it feeds upon,
Was the glance that Haynau gave.

"Call quick a guard of men !" he shouts,
His breath seething through his teeth,
And clutches his jewel-hilted sword,
Half drawn from its bloody sheath.

"Swift to the lady's palace march,
And naked from her bed
Bear her ; then to the Platz along
In chains let her be led.

“ There on her knees the rebel tie
With her loose dishevelled hair,
And the knotted scourge dye in the blood
That spouts from her bosom bare.”

Away, obedient to his word,
The ruthless guardsmen go,
And drag her in her crimson shame
To the marble steps below.

She looks,—she sees her horrid doom !
Then bendeth low her head ;
One pang, then bursts her noble heart,
She falls to the cold stones *dead!*

TO JENNY LIND. (1850.)

Joy tiptoe stands, and smiling waits
The welcome sail,
Each tardy day, to waft thee,
Nature's Nightingale,
Nearer the virgin West, o'er Erie's
Waters blue ;
Never so sweet a bird across
Its waters flew.
Young Prima Donna of two worlds,
The old and new,
Loved Laureate-Lady in the
Fairy-land of song,
Impatient thousands on our shores
Will round thee throng ;
Not Europe's fawning serfs, but Freemen !
Whose prouder name
Give heart-felt homage ever to
Dear woman's fame !

INDIAN SUMMER.

PLEASANT it is in the mild sunshine and
Crisp air of brown November leisurely
To wander in the scented, hazy woods,
Upon the chequer'd carpet spangled o'er
With crimson leaves, and arch'd with vines festooned
From broad-arm'd oaks with pendent clusters of
The purple grape ; or, sitting on the trunk
Of some old moss-grown tree in silent mood
Of meditation, listen to the weird
Song of the solemn winds, chanting the dirge
Of dying autumn, and the more cheerful
Piping of the partridge from afar to
His plump mate amid the ripe and rustling
Sheaves of golden grain.

Along a little valley by the mill
Lies in secluded rest the " Lover's Lake."
No frowning wall of rocks precipitous,
Nor melancholy forest of plumed pines,
Give gloom and grandeur to its solitude,

But sloping banks, where in the perfumed spring
And summer buttercups and daisies bloom,
Run down as if to welcome its blue waves ;
Whilst graceful willows bend in beauty o'er
Its winding shores, with groves of hawthorn bright,
With scarlet berries blushing on their boughs.
It is in sooth a fairy nook of calm
Tranquillity, congenial to a tale
Of low-voiced vows in the confessional
Of pure and passionate love. Here, too, the
Wild-rose and the timid violet invite
The village maidens, with gay wreaths of flowers,
To crown the merry queen of May ;
Whilst buoyant in their spirits as the boat
That dances on the waters to the dip
Of the time-keeping oars, young gallants pull
With bending blades to win the doubtful race.
Even cold, repulsive winter, too, holds here
Her festivals of mirth and frolic on
The crystal mirror of the frozen lake.
In velvet cap, warm furs, and balmoral,
The city belle, no longer like a pale
And sickly hot-house plant, immured at home,
Faces the storm, and bravely buckling on
Her little boot the polished steel, joins in
The jocund chase of some fair fugitive,
While peals of laughter ring from rosebud lips.

And though no legend of romance invests
It with enchanted spell, yet doubtless here
In the dim past, when Powhatan was king,
And twice ten thousand warriors roamed these plains,
The council-fires blazed where dusky chiefs
In solemn circle smoked the pipe of peace,
Or in the war-dance shook the bloody scalp;
Hunted by day the herds of browsing deer,
And by the quivering silver starlight wooed
The dark-eyed daughters of the Delaware.

LA BELLE OCEANA'S BENEFIT NIGHT.

VENUS, the virgin goddess of the sea,

Rose blushing 'mid the mist of dancing waves ;
So on the bounding billows, 'mid the glee

Of winds and waters, o'er the mermaid caves
Of Ocean, *thou* wast born ! a nymph most fair !
Foam-white thy brow, red lips and golden hair !
Skimming with zephyr-step the scarce touch'd stage,
Thy name, thy birth, thy beauty, all engage
The plaudits of our hearts, our eyes, our hands,
As, like a rippling surge upon the sands,
Thou comest in thy wave-like motion on the sight
In the gay polka or cachuca light,—
With waltz aerial, and click of shells,
Throwing around the sunlight of thy spells.
Roses in showers, and encores, shall proclaim
To-night our welcome and Oceana's fame !

MOUNTAIN HOME.

(A cemetery that overlooks the lovely valley and village of
Kalamazoo.)

I STOOD alone at sunset on its pure
And hallow'd summit,—a sad, wandering
Stranger pilgrim, from the toiling, dusty,
Babbling world, to seek some high and holy
Altar on the hills, I came ; some unsoiled
Shrine of Nature, whereon I might lay my
Simple offering of poet-worship
To the spirit of the universe and
Learn a vesper from the blue-bird's evening
Hymn to spring ; and for the monkish ritual,
Of man's invention, read the alphabet
Of wisdom lettered in the opening leaves
And bursting buds of April ; and for beads,
To mark the number of my mumbled prayers,
Gaze on the twilight's dome, and count
Each vestal burning star, with hushed and holy,
Heaven-dreaming heart ! Such is my humble creed.

And here I found a sanctuary fit
For quiet thoughts and musings made of love.
The purple sunlight streamed in pencilled rays
Of quivering glory through the waving woods ;
The balmy south-wind fanned my fevered brow,
And whispered to me olden memories
Of my own fond, far-off, unforgotten,
Beautiful, beloved,—my boyhood's lofty,
Bold, blue, mountain home ! The velvet sod,
Like a carpet woven by the cunning,
Unseen, fairies' fingers, and enamelled
With buttercups of gold and tiny flowers,
Afraid to unfold their virgin blossoms
To the breeze, but peeping modestly between
The grass, and watching for the May-day queen,
Their mistress, and her rose-wreathed maids to come,
Invited me as to a wood-nymph's couch,
To rest my weariness, and look down on
The lovely, gentle landscape at my feet.

A vale, peaceful as that of Wyoming,
Sung by the Highland harp of Scotia's chief
Among her heather-crowned, great wizard bards,
Or beauty-blooming as the happy vale
Of Rasselas, the poet's paradise,
Lay sleeping in serene tranquillity
Before me, with no shadow on its face

Of pensive peace. A distant field of green
Looked, on the bosom of the chequered plain,
Like a bright brooch of emerald pinned there
Upon Dame Nature's dress of russet brown.
Beyond, a forest of tall tamaracks
Shot high their heads of evergreen ; while still
Beyond, the Indian river rolled its waves
Of crystal, belted by the verdure of
Its mossy banks, and weeping-willow boughs,
Like a green ribbon fluttering in the wind.
An amphitheatre of hills hedged in
The picture, like the fretted carved-work of
A frame of ebony about a rich
Portraiture, of mellow light and shade.
The chiming church-bells' silv'ry sounds across
The valley floated, and the woodland aisles
Sent back the echo from their solitudes.
The village lights were twinkling one by one,
And the illumined stars, like jewelled lamps,
Were swung by golden chains in angel hands
Amid the darkness of night's firmament,
When, as I left that hermitage where dwell
The sainted dead in the dim cloisters of
The grave—coffins for cells, and cold, white shrouds
Their surplices,—a wild sublimity
Of soul,—the faith of a blessed, glorious
Resurrection, even as the spring bursts

From the tomb of winter, like a clarion
Stirred the pulses of my panting heart, and
I went down to mingle in the tumult
Of the multitude again refreshed, and
Feeling that I was a happier man.

THE LOSS OF THE "MAYFLOWER."

(In 1851.)

LIKE a joyous bird that carolling cleaves
Its way through the azure sky,
Is pierced by the pitiless sportsman's shaft,
Folds its wounded wings to die ;

Like a fleet and beautiful forest fawn
At bay in the wild greenwood,
Feels the hound's sharp fang in its velvet side
And the ebb of the purple blood ;

Like a gallant steed in battle slain ;
Like a rose in summer's bloom,
Whose red leaves wither in one killing frost,—
So sad was the "Mayflower's" doom !

'Twas a bitter night, and the mad, bleak wind
Howled fierce o'er the lake, and loud,—
She strikes ! she sinks ! and the hoarse winter waves
Wrap 'round her their cold, white shroud !

No more will she float like a graceful swan
On her native river's wave ;
We'll never welcome her back to her home,—
She rests in blue Erie's grave !

No more the gay throng shall haste to her halls,
Nor hear her silver-toned bell,—
The billows now ring it, while o'er the wreck
It tolls the "Mayflower's" farewell !

Yet thousands who knew her and loved her well,—
When the tempest's tale they hear,
Will heave a fond sigh to her memory
And hallow it with a tear !

A DRUNKARD'S DREAM OF DEATH.

REELING he found, at last, his humble home,
Where through a window, whose patch'd panes bespoke
The low abode of squalid want and woe,
A night-lamp faintly flickered in the gloom ;
The pale hand of a sick and sorrow-stricken,
Patient, wronged, but still confiding, hoping wife
Had placed it there,—love's vestal star to guide
The staggering steps of him who nightly
Left her, in her cheerless solitude and grief,
To drain the cup of revel and red ruin
With bloated, blear-eyed, debauchees in sin.
The clock, that faithful sentinel of time,
Told to the ear of silence and the sad,
Meek sufferer, the hour of two, as his
Bewitdered, trembling fingers raised the latch ;
When down in stupid, brute oblivion,
He fell, a lump of fetid, shivering clay,
Upon a hard, straw bed, where lay awake
His weeping, but still uncomplaining wife
Beneath a thin and tattered quilt ; for he
Had pawned and sold even the bridal sheets

To satisfy his thirst for drink,—which as he fed
Still cried more fiercely in his ear, *Give, give!*
Her wan face, wasted to a graveyard shadow,
Bent o'er his,—and, as he slept, a hot tear
Dropp'd upon his hollow cheek. He started
For a moment, and the muscles twitch'd in pain,
As though a burning coal of fire had fallen
On his feverish flesh! A sigh of trouble
Murmured through his parch'd and pallid lips,
And his knit brow and grinding teeth revealed
The inward storm that shook his restless soul.
First came a vision of his manhood's earlier,
Better days. He stood before an altar
Built of marble, and festoon'd with flowers;
O'er it hung a silver crucifix, with
Tall wax tapers gleaming,—'twas his wedding-day.
Before him, in white robes, an aged priest
Was standing, with a plain gold ring he held
In outstretch'd hand. A burning censer, swung
By one who knelt upon the holy steps,
Perfumed the air with incense, whose pearl-clouds
Uprose along the lofty pillars and
The frowning arches of a gothic roof.
Beside him, on his arm, a lovely girl
Of sixteen summers leaned; a long veil, by
A diamond pinned about a single rose,
Was floating from her brow, and as the man

Of God placed her small hand in his, he felt
It *tremble like an aspen leaf*, and in
Her blue eye came *a tear, although she smiled!*
The organ pealed a jubilate of
Gay, thrilling joy, and 'mid its harmonies
The bride and bridegroom sought their happy home.
But lo! the bridal chamber, with its lamp
Of alabaster, and its canopy
Of snowy tapestry above the bed,
Changed in the vision to the *hovel* where
He lay; and close beside him, in a shroud,
The ashy features of his dead wife rose
From a rude coffin lid, by the dim light,
Upon his blood-shot eyes! He groaned
As though a keen knife stabbed him,—*yet he slept.*

His brain swam 'round. Again the vision changed.
He thought he suddenly was lifted to
The giddy top of a tall mast above
A vessel's deck, that pitch'd and rolled upon
A boiling sea of huge black billows; each
One tipped with flames for foam, and down between
Their dark, deep jaws innumerable faces
Heavenward turned their glassy gaze, and beckon'd
With their skeleton-bleach'd arms for him to
Come to them; then they would drown and vanish!
Soon in their stead would rise a multitude

Of ocean-monsters, scaly serpents, whose
Green slimy heads had countless, glowing eyes,
And forked fangs dripping with gouts of blood,
Slowly uncurling from their spiral coils
Until they tower'd above that sailless ship !
Then quick entwining him within their icy,
Crushing convolutions, hiss'd with pois'nous breath,
Of sickening corruption, in his ear,
Of *blasphemy* and *suicide*, and dragg'd
Him shrieking half-way from the slipp'ry mast !
A frightful spasm convulsed his writhing frame ;
His heaving lungs struggled with suffocation ;
And his heart's pulse beat " like a muffled drum,"
While his clinch'd hands grappled with the hideous,
Clammy, phantom snakes around him in his
Dream of dreadful agony ! *But still he slept.*

Again the vision changed its spectre scenes,—
And now he stood upon the shelving brink
Of a high precipice ! A pack of wild
And hungry, gaunt, gray wolves, panting, had chased
Him many miles, through dim and tangled woods,
Lapping their tongues and howling at his heels !
Through sluggish pools he swam, swarming thick with
Loathsome reptiles ; dashed through fens, where bats,
and
Owls, and ravens flapp'd their foul, offensive

Wings against his face ; climbed mighty mountains,
On whose barren peaks from gibbets dangled,
By moonlight, dead men's bones in creaking chains ;
Where spotted vipers crawled, and giant apes
Chattered, low-swinging from the leafless limbs,
Down valleys fled, starting the tiger in
His jungle crouched, snuffing the coming prey ;
Then as he paused, dizzy upon the edge
Of the vast void which widened on his view,
He started in terror back, and saw the bound,
And felt the sharp tooth of the foremost wolf
Upon his neck craunch through the quivering nerves,—
A scream, a grapple, and together both,
Toppling, headlong were dashed down the abyss !
Over and down, and deeper yet, torn by
The jutting crags, and strangling each other,
Through the darkness of that dismal, boundless
Bottomless, obscure, he fell ; faster and
Faster, till a swarthy fiend, on pinions
Swifter than the lightning's flash, flew upward,
And as loud he laughed and clutch'd his corpse cried,
“ *Mine*, ha, ha ! forever and *forever* mine ! ”
A shiver through the sleeper's veins ran cold,—
A rattle gurgled in his gasping throat !
The purple life-tide from his nostrils gushed,
And the white froth oozed, bubbling thro' his lips !

The vision changed no more in that dread night :

The drunkard and the dreamer both *were dead!*
Oh, God of mercy ! what an exit for
Man's soul to make from this most beautiful
And bounteous world, and launch upon its long,
ETERNAL VOYAGE TO THE DIM UNKNOWN !

TAKE CARE!

HAST *thou* no faults, starched hypocrite?

How dare

You, then, sneer at and mock *his* fall?

Take care!

Pharisee, were thy secret sins

Laid bare,

How would the hot blood burn thy cheek!

Take care!

Temptation soon thy footsteps too

Ensnare,

And wouldst thou have friends spurn thee then?

Take care!

His matted locks, his haggard eyes'

Red glare,

Tell of the dazzling, damned cup!

Take care!

Strength, station, genius, it doth

Not spare;

It poisons, palsies, maddens, wrecks!

Take care!

A snake lies curled beneath its brim,
Beware !
Its fang may some day pierce thy lip !
Take care !
His bloated face, not long ago,
Was fair
As thine,—his step as proud and firm,—
Take care !
Thy dark, cold scowl may drive him to
despair,—
His corse may tumble at thy door,—
Take care !
Once gay, and generous, and rich,
He'd share
His wine and gold. Oh, curse him not !
Take care !
But rather whisper in his ear
A *prayer*,
And bid *him*, with forgiving voice,
Take care !

THE TWO PORTRAITS.

WHEN Paris on Olympus met
The gods in high conclave,
To Venus, he, as beauty's queen,
The golden apple gave.

But were he here the judge, by Jove,
In wonder what to do,
He'd have to cut it, and divide
The halves *between* the two.

Like a moss-rose kissed by the sun
Full bloomed is she in *red*;
While like a sweet forget-me-not
The other lifts her head.

A woman's form, a girl's glad face,
So blends the one in *blue*;
With eye of hazel, liquid as
A drop of morning dew.

Who on her fresh and artless smile
For one fond moment looks,
Bethinks him straight of honey-bees,
And birds and purling brooks.

The other, too, has hazel eyes,
Large and brimful of joy ;
A mother's soul is beaming there
For her dear baby boy.

In waves her hair is parted, and
Upon her snow white arm
A coral bracelet blushing throws
Its crimson-color'd charm.

Her mouth is like—I won't say what ;
But dimples round it play
Like eddies on a meadow stream
In the bright month of May.

I'm puzzled which most merits praise,—
Those radiant faces fair,
Or that pale boy whose pencil bade
Them breathe in beauty there.

I wish I were a painter ; though

It is a dangerous art :

For while he's taking angels' *heads*

He's losing his own *heart*.

MOUNT VERNON.

(On hearing of the sale of Mount Vernon to a company of speculators in 1853.)

Now by the loved, immortal dead,
And his world-worshipp'd name,
Who placed on fair young Freedom's head
Her laurel-crown of fame !
By Trenton's wintry waves and snows,
Blood-stained from heroes' veins,
And by the victor-shout that rose
To God from Yorktown's plains !

Ye have abused the heritage
His valor nobly won,
Till every bosom burns with rage
For the foul wrong ye've done.
Your country's *altar*, unabashed,
Ye've traffick'd, dimmed each star
Of glory in her flag, and gashed
Her honor with a scar !

What ! buy and sell the sacred soil
Where sleeps great Washington ?
It makes the heart's blood hiss and boil,
To know there lives a son
Of Yankee ancestry could *dare*
Be such a grovelling slave
Of greed, to stand and *huckster* there
Around *his* mighty grave !

A grave where patriot pilgrims crowd
From every shore and clime
To kneel above that sainted shroud,
Whose folds conceal no crime ;
Where even the miser drops a tear,
And the stern warrior sighs,—
For calmly and sublimely here
A nation's savior lies.

Ay, in that weeping-willow's shade
Map out the holy land,
And on his tomb count what ye've made
In your cold, iron hand !
Arnold, a name of hate and scoff,
His sword and country sold,
And her proud banner barter'd off
For this same damnèd gold !

Beneath yon glorious, grand old oak
Earth's best and bravest trod ;
Beneath that moss-grown roof he spoke
Whose soul now talks with God !
And ye would hew that brave tree down
And revel in those halls ;
Oh, fear ye not a century's frown
From those time-hallow'd walls ?

No ! 'tis in vain,—ye won't relent ;
For in this *golden* age
The *grave* must yield up its *per cent.* ;
Or, o'er affection's page,
Of names once dear, the whistling car
Drives 'mong the gray headstones,
And its mad wheels with rattling jar
Clash o'er our fathers' bones.

Rush on, ye ruthless men of trade !
Laugh at the mouldy past ;
And where your sires have fought and prayed
Coin money, fierce and fast.
But when on sad Potomac's wave
Ye pass his resting-place,
Think of a patriot's barter'd grave !
Then blush for your disgrace !

TO —. (Dec. 8, 1850.)

I CANNOT be with thee, to sit by thy bed,
And rest on my bosom thy faint, weary head ;
I cannot watch o'er thee with kind, constant care,
But to God I can breathe my soul's silent prayer.

I cannot take tenderly thy dear, wasted hand,
And smile with caresses as fondly I fanned
The soft golden curls from thy pale, throbbing brow ;
Thy lips parched and fevered I cannot press now.

I cannot bend over thy blue eyes so meek,
And kiss the hot tear from thy white, pallid cheek ;
I cannot console thee while whispering near,
O'er thy pillow hope's visions thy spirit to cheer.

I cannot be by thee to soothe thee asleep,
In the long, lonely night love's vigils to keep ;
I cannot sigh with thee, sweet sister ! but yet
Thy affection and goodness I cannot forget.

I cannot come to thee and see thee regain
The rose-bloom of health, free from sickness and
 pain ;
And though Fate in this cold world still keeps us
 apart,
'Thou'rt enshined, sister mine, in a brother's warm
 heart !

NIAGARA.

I STOOD in silent, shrinking awe
Upon the crumbling, hollow-sounding rock
Whose misty verge hung high and frightfully
Above the deep, wild-whirling waters !
I was alone,—Nature's young hermit
Mutely worshipping upon her pulpit-throne
The spirit of her might, hovering serenely-stern
About her home of power in
The thunder-fall of floods !
I felt as if I trod on holy ground,
Encircled by the very Presence whose command
Opened of old the windows of the sky
And buried Man and his inheritance
In the dark fountains of the sea.
What are the cobweb creeds and musty riddles
Of the schools, to teach Divinity ?
Proud sophist, puny babbler of another's doubts,
Come and kneel here upon the tombstone
Of thy dusty weakness, and be *dumb*.
Here lean beyond this dizzy brink
And learn *Philosophy* in this,

The Sanctuary and Solitude of Wonders.

Hast thou a tongue as eloquent as that

Of deep calling unto deep?

A voice as musically strong as that bold echo

Booming upward to the ear of God

In one eternal solemn tempest-tone

From yonder gulf, forever veiled

With the dim curtaining of clouds?

* * * * *

Look up along the rushing river,

Ere it tumbles down in bellowing sheets of foam.

See how the mad, rock-broken billows leap in air,

Tossing their white and waving manes in crested pomp,

Like the wild gallop of a thousand war-steeds

In the smoke and tumult of a battle-field!

Dashing with swift, loud uproar, on they come,

Rolling in broad blue columns,

Until, gathered on the ragged edge,

In one wide-surgings phalanx furiously they plunge

In glassy torrents down the steep,

Unseen, to struggle in the bubbling pool below,

That heaves its throbbing bosom like the heart in
death!

Rising again like a stout swimmer from its caves,

The cataract still downward sweeps;

First circling in a yeasty scintillating surface

From beneath its canopy of spray,

Then gracefully in sea-green eddies,
Like a mermaid's ringlets, floating with the tide,
Till narrow'd in its coursing by the storm-scarr'd
rocks,

It suddenly awakes again to waves,
And proudly foams between the iron-sided hills,
Whose dark pines shooting through the clefts,
Nod in the wind like mountain plumes
Above the impetuous flood !
"Onward !" and "over !" still it goes, in free,
Untamed, untiring speed, mile upon mile,
To its last second bourn,
Where, joining in the wheeling squadrons of the waves,
It sinks and rises in alternate onset or defeat.
Here on the cool hill-side you may recline
In balmy rest upon a couch of summer leaves,
And watch for hours the hurtling swoop
Of the strong whirlpool. There, it runs
In wanton gambols prancing on the shore ;
Now curvets haughtily around the arena's ring,
Then shakes its quivering lance in gleaming tilt,
And charges 'mid encountering clash and shock
Far in the foaming fight !
Look how the wrecks of that Charybdis,
Planks and trees and splintered spars,
In endless revolutions toss about
Its gurgling waters ; sinking slowly now,

Now spinning upward like tall masts,
 To be a sport and plaything of destruction
 Ere she swallow them forever in her strangling depths !
 Returning homeward, you may stroll through caverns
 And on velvet moss-seats meditate,
 While crystal mountain-springs gush from their side
 In softened hum along their pebbled path.
 Still farther on there is a deep and hideous hole,
 Whose cheerless night the sun hath never lit ;
 Here by a loose and mouldering ascent,
 Then by careful step clinging to hanging vines
 And jutting roots, you may descend
 Down to its dismal shades.

There in the hemlock gloom with hissing snakes
 Gliding through the rustling grass, fancy will paint
 The panther with burning gaze fixed on you,
 Bristling in his lair to spring from his hiding-place ;
 Or as the twittering bat sweeps by your cheek
 With his damp wing, will whisper in your ear
 Wild tales of horror, till you see
 The bandit issuing from the wood and grimly stand
 Scowling before you smeared with blood,
 And feel the cold sweat burst
 In beaded drops upon your brow !

* * * * *

Beetling in lonely majesty high over the
 Colossal wall whose dark unfathomable base

No plummet ever sounded stands a round tower,
Looming in feudal grandeur through the storm ;
Against its gray rough sides the current ever chafes,
Threat'ning with each new surge
To hurl its huge foundations down ; while still beyond
Its daring site, to lead the fearless traveller
From the shore, topples a slender bridge,
Poised o'er the precipice and shrouded
In the curling vapor of the boisterous abyss !

* * * * *

Thrown headlong from the lofty banks that gird
With a flinty barrier America's domain
(In spirit like her frontier shield of native strength),
Behold another river in big undulations fall,
Bounding and breaking like a mighty avalanche,
Descending from its Alpine eyry,
In a whirlwind of thick snow !
Hark how it roars ! Louder and deeper
Than the bison at bay, or the Numidian lion
When he lashes in his lair his heated sides
And pants for blood !
See far through the hazy air a moving speck,—
Ha ! 'tis a gallant little bark,
Struggling with desperate oar and lightly dancing
On the swelling waves !
Borne like a buoyant cork by the resistless stream,
Away she darts, unequal to the force ;

Recovering, she fronts with a courageous prow
 The multitude of her opposers, and cuts her way
 Through their dividing ranks
 And battles with the breakers !
 Row, brothers row,—another pull,—she's safe !
 And shouts of laughter from the bonny crew
 Who spring upon the strand proclaim
 A merry ride and a bonny boat.

* * * * *

Hail, though the opening portals of thy kingly coming
 To illumine all nature with her brightest smiles,
 Thou dazzling messenger of light and life !
 Hung like an ever-burning lamp amid the darkness
 Of the universe, to gild the pathway of the stars
 And throw the mantle of thy glory on the earth !
Three rainbows at my feet ! Beauty so blended
 With wild power drawn on the canvas of the sky
 Is like a picture handed down from heaven,
 Fresh from the pencil of the Almighty's hand !
 Now glittering in the sun's full unobstructed blaze
 They flash in living lustre through the sparkling air ;
 Rising in high, broad arches like so many
 Bridges built of burnished jewels,
 On whose rosy tops angels might hovering strike
 Their harps harmonious with the mellow bass
 Of Nature's never-ending hymn !
 Now melting into fainter hues, they linger in a

Sunset bloom among the pearly clouds,
 Till, broken by the shaded disc that shaped them
 In their gorgeous symmetry, they fade away
 To "airy nothing,"—like the pale twinkling of the
 Morning star, or the young poet's painted dreams of
 fame

In the "disastrous twilight" of defeated hopes!
 Nor does the modest moon refuse to see
 Her gentle image mirror'd in its dewy sheen;
 For there in stilly midnight, when the weary world
 Is hushed in sleep, her silvery crescent
 Spans the spray softly and tremblingly,
 "Resembling 'mid the torture of the scene
 Love watching madness with unalterable mien."

* * * * *

Full many a fathom down, winding with cautious,
 Hesitating march along a narrow, dusky path,
 A file of men slowly and singly move,
 In their slouched caps and leather-belted jerkins not
 unlike

A robber-band among the passes of old Spain.
 One, like a chamois, nimbly leaps before,
 Thoughtless of peril,—'tis the trusty guide,
 Who leads a train of bold adventurers
 To the cold shadowy *Cave of Death!*
 Cloistered behind the howling cataract,
 And guarded by strong gusts of blinding rain,

And bleak tornadoes, where dun Night and Horror
 Sit enthroned in the long silent solitude of centuries,
 The spectre genii of that VAST UNKNOWN !
 But *where* is it in the wide range of earth
 That man's ambition or his curious research
 Tempts not his eye to wander or his restless feet to
 roam ?

In a frail nut-shell, with a film of thread for wings,
 He scuds the rugged, conquered ocean when and
 where he wills.

Beards the grizzly bruin darkly crouched within his den,
 And robs his furry coat himself to wander in
 Over polar snows and huge pyramids of ice !
 Burdens the patient camel's back, and roams o'er
 The boundless deserts of the burning East ;
 Now starts the Bengal tiger from his bed of reeds,
 And now pursues the barb'd leviathan
 Along the blood-empurpled sea !
 Now leaps the highland hunter of the wintry Alps
 Its glacier ravines with his iron spear,
 And now gropes darkly among slimy skulls,
 And scaly sharks, and all the myriad phantom forms
 That gleam and flit in noiseless terror through
 The watery wastes, to gem the casket of a prince's
 pride,

Or bind the brow of beauty with the Persian pearl !
 Climbs Chimborazo, and unfurls his pennon

On its frosty peak ; scales Ætna's lava crags,
 And loiters fearlessly among
 The smoking cinders of its earthquake fires !
 In the deep mine he flares his torch,
 And digs his sacrilegious way through entomb'd cities ;
 And when lost for new discoveries on earth,
 Columbus-like, leaves the old world,
 And safely in his air-ship voyages the clouds,
 While frightened eagles scream beneath
 His heaven-directed car.

* * * * *

Tradition tells that in olden time,
 When the forest deer roamed in his antler'd strength,
 And browsed in freedom on the tender bud
 Where now the heifer lows to the milkmaid's call
 And crops contentedly the planted blade ;
 When the unlettered red man, ignorant of deeds,
 Called these wild woods *his* hunting-grounds,
 And, leaning on his bow, here bent his head
 To the Great Spirit ; then, one of his sunburnt tribe,
 A woman in a light birch canoe of those rude days,
 Was seen dipping with quick, irregular stroke
 A chieftain's paddle through the waves
 To speed her brittle boat beyond the Rapids
 To the distant shore. *In vain !*
 She never more shall pull the berry from the bush,
 Or pluck the purple grape ;

Nor with her tinsell'd moccasin press fragrance
 From the honeyed wild flowers of her native hills !
 Like a fleet arrow shot from the bow of
 Her husband chief, so darts the whirring skiff
 Adown its swift descent ;
 She, with the heroism of the Indian brave
 When valor falls a prisoner to fate,
 Intrepidly erect, sat singing her death-song,
 Her arms folded on her breast, her paddle at her feet !
 On, on, they fly ; till nearing the dread brink,
 Young Atalensa rose, her long, dark hair
 Streaming dishevell'd in the whistling breeze,
 Then uttering one shrill funeral shriek,
 Leaped like a wounded fawn down
 To her deep, fathomless tomb !

* * * * *

Niagara ! what nameless thoughts, what mystic throbs
 Of immensity, start through reeling brain and thrill
 With new pulsations the faint, trembling heart
 Of him who gazes downward from thy battlements,
 And hears the deaf'ning deluge of thy roar !
 Imagination charmed and startled quits
 Her anchorite-cell, and wondering contemplates
 Creations animate with all the elements of life,
 Which her inspired conceptions, Proteus visions,
 And her talismanic power had never conjured
 With the magic of her mightiest spells !

And still thou paragon of picturesque sublimity,
Nature's great panorama of her work, thou flowest on
Unnoticed by the bard, and none hath writ
Thy giant grandeur on the deathless scroll !
Oh that a noble exile of ignoble courts,
Who roamed in sandal-shoon the classic shores
Of slavish climes, and with his sea-shell lyre
Lulled envy with her Argus eye asleep ;
Forced jealous Jeffrey with repentant hand to wreath
The laurel 'round the brow he scorned and scarr'd,
And witch'd the world with impassioned song,—
Oh that his silken sail had turned from Scio's isles .
And sought beneath the *Western* pilot star a home,
And shunn'd a sepulchre !
Then for the muffled drum and chanted prayer,
The toll of bells and minute-gun of woe,
That moaned through Missolonghi's streets her widow'd
grief,

The generous welcome would have warmly rung
Along the white sands of Columbia's coast,
And Freeman hailed a *brother* on the beach
Where Suliots wept a *warrior* on his bier !
Then where Velino flashes in the Harold's verse
Thy name Niagara would now have beamed
The Iris of his page ! But though the poet-hero
Of the captive Greek wove not thy mem'ry with
His glorious fame, must then no minstrel dare,

Because in ruder rhyme, the spirit-kindling theme?
 Shall every babbling brook, creeping cascade,
 And drowsy torrent in a *foreign* soil
 Be echoed in its infant murmurs
 From the scholar's sounding line, and thou alone,
 The matchless King of Cataracts, whose vast
 Reverberations rock the quivering hills, remain
 "Unhonor'd and unsung"? Columbia! must thy sons,
 Ungrateful to thy call, desert the parent-land
 Of forest, blood, and legendary lore to strut
 With bearded lip the corridors of dons and dukes,
 Catch inspiration from the cobwebs of monastic aisles,
 Romantic sit in gondolas and skim the fetid scurf
 Of *sweet* canals while listening with an *English* ear
 To Tuscan ballads from a boatman's lungs?
 Must Freedom's ramparts, washed by waves
 That come careering from the far-off fields
 Where Liberty nail'd fast her flag of stars,
 And Victory crown'd her Perry on the foeman's deck,
 Neglected crumble in no chronicle recorded,
 While her genius in the Alhambra charms,
 And like a diamond glitters through
 The marble ruins and rubbish of Castile?
 Shall trans-Atlantic fancy weep the young Gertrude,
 And find in Western Wyoming a paradise,
 While native talent flirts in masquerade
 At carnivals, or *penserosa* woos

Venetian lashes on the "Bridge of Sighs"?

* * * * *

Pilgrims of Nature ! Ye who love to wander out
 Among the old blue mountain-tops,
 And sit on ruined rocks at eventide
 In wizard thought and listen to the vesper chime
 Of whispering tree-tops and the tuneful waterfall ;
 Who see sweet beauty in the blossom'd grove,
 And hear rare melody among its stirring leaves ;
 Who find strange pleasure in the moonlit dell,
 And feel " a rapture on the lonely shore,"
 Leave Italy's soft sunsets to her pensive maids,
 Her Roman relics to the antiquary,
 Alps and Appenines and the vine-festooned hills of
 France,
 Stern Scotia's lochs and heather and the sunny Rhine,
 And red-lipp'd peasant-girls and mountain bugle-notes
 Of Switzerland, and journey to
The happy empire of the spangled flag !
 And when ye have trod the moss-cover'd isle
 Of the Indian dead, where guardian quiet watches
 Over the green burial-place of warriors,
 Climbed these towering hills or mused among
 The shady chambers of their caves ;
 When ye have looked down from this Dover-cliff
 Where Peace sits smiling on her throne of clouds
 And waves her rainbow-banner over War,

Then heard the æolian minstrelsy of that
 Surge-sounding harp whose ocean tones
 Shall sing and sigh unearthly music to your ear,
 Ye shall confess it *worthy of your pilgrimage*
And the poor tribute of the poet's praise!

PROSPECT HILL.

(Georgetown, D. C.)

TWILIGHT's soft beauty richly mingles
With the dying lustre of the setting sun ;
For in the horizon's sea of blue
His farewell rays are slowly fading,
Till in united splendor melting,
Like the sweep of angel's wing,
They flash in noonday glory and expire,—
Save now and then the dance of waves,
Rippling and leaping in their buoyancy,
Or laughing dash of crystal billow,
Woody by the south-wind from his depths,
The waters sleep.
Methinks upon this throne-built mount
Nature reclined to sketch forth
Her imaginings ; and as the picture rose
Upon her kindling fancy, dashed in ecstasy
Her brightest colors on the glowing canvas,
And with smiles and blushes startled
As it burst to life.
Below, the dark Potomac proudly curls,

Spreading in silent majesty his broad
Bright emerald sheet, reflecting
In its polished concave all the glories
Of the upper world,—the swan-like sail,
The waving grove, and islands of the sky.
The noise of commerce and the city hum
Are almost hushed, and quietly fall
Upon the ear like a wild lullaby ;
Whilst ever and anon the sailor's "yo heave ho!"
The dip of oars, the merry boat-song,
And the woodland's sweeter warblings,
Pass like day-dreams mellowly along.
Deep in the firmament, the diamond-star
Of evening, through the silken clouds,
Now brightly glitters as a lonely spangle
On the breast of Night.
Oh, what a gorgeous scene is here !
How delicately, how serenely beautiful !
How fit for love's enchantment,
For the spell of poesy, for fairy thoughts,
And the young heart's devotion !
Purity and peace are floating round.
So mused I as, one summer's eve,
I sat on its bright brow
And listened with a nameless rapture
To the harp-like witchery of minstrel surges,
Whispering leaves, and silver voices

In the hallowed air.
But there were other charms as lovely,
And as thrilling to the soul ;
For bright eyes beamed around me,
And the gush of music came
Through rose-bud lips like the
Mild breathings of a perfumed zephyr.
'Twas an hour made up of melody,—
A sabbath of high feeling ;
And the spirit burned as she communed
With such delights, and felt the magic
Of such holy pleasures.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

PERHAPS the happiest moments of life are those that close the week. It is a wise decree of Providence that makes toil the necessary precedent of rest, and privation the parent of pleasure. There are few who do not experience through the week toil and privation, and few who have not felt the grateful sense of confidence and comfort that creeps over the soul at its close. The burden is thrown not merely from the frame, but from the heart. The spirit frees itself from its encumbering cares as the wearied horse shakes off its harness and expatiates with grateful lassitude in the luxury of conscious security and comfort.

Saturday night winds up "the ravell'd sleeve of care." The strife and bustle of the world are suspended. The poor man draws his breath freely for a while, nor fears the harsh voice or strong frown of his creditor. The merchant throws himself upon the lounge without thinking of the notes "due and coming due." The tradesman terminates his labors with a light spirit, for the sense of present ease is ac-

accompanied with the thoughts of a peaceful morrow ;
and the laborer sings, as he turns his bronzed face
homeward,—

“ The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And, weary, o’er the moor his course does homeward bend. ’

Saturday night has its peculiar enjoyments,—enjoyments which are most felt by those to whom toil and discomfort make joy a stranger. Look in at the fire-side of the poor man on Saturday night, and you will see his brow relaxed and his eye lit up with an unwonted smile. He plays with his children, and lays his head upon his pillow without shuddering at the thought of the morrow’s toil. To the poor Saturday night is an era of delight, a moment of sunshine in a world of gloom, a period of freedom in a term of servitude, a season of repose and comfort in a life of wretched anxiety and toil.

Life, too, has its Saturday night. How sweet the reflection that when life’s toils, like those of the week, are terminated,—when the sufferings and cares which are woven with the tissue of life are at an end, and hope and fear cease to tantalize and torture the soul,—that we will find the rest and peaceful slumber of a

"Saturday night"! The grave is that resting-place, and death the slumber, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Nor is that Saturday night without its Sabbath. To those who have been faithful to the duties of the week the sun of that Sabbath will shine without setting. Who that has felt the chill which congeals the hopes and affections of life,—the dull, benumbing, withering influences of the world,—can refrain from watching with longing eyes the receding day, and looking with weary yearning for the Saturday night of life? Sweet as slumber to the sobbing babe is rest to the heavy-laden, and soft as the down of the cygnet the pillow upon which his aching head is laid, and where, "after life's fitful fever, he sleeps well." To such

"Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it is not worth our taking;
Thither the poor, the prisoner, and the mourner
Fly for relief and lay their burdens down."

SUGGESTED BY OUR VICTORIES IN MEXICO.

(1846.)

HARK! whence that spirit-stirring shout? and why
From mast-head, spire, and window, wave on high
These gorgeous standards gemmed with Glory's stars,
While peal again the long and loud huzzas?

Why with the pomp of plume and battle-drum,
And flashing steel, in glittering columns come
The soldier-citizens? Why heavenward swells
In silvery chime the jubilee of bells?

'Tis night,—what means that sudden sheen and blaze
That light earth's darkness with its golden rays
Of dazzling gladness as they quiver
Along the spangled sky and sparkling river?

Stand still, and watch the myriad twinkling beams
From torches, rockets, steeples, and it seems
A poet's panorama as it gleams,
A fairy city in the land of dreams!

It is the homage of ten thousand hearts
To heroes who have acted well their parts
On the red field of war,—to *him* who won
The laurels of a second Washington.*

Then give once more that cry of victory ;
Wave higher yet the ensign of the free ;
Loud let the cannon's rattling thunders roll,
And let a nation's triumphs thrill a nation's soul !

In city, valley, and on mountain-peak
Let Freedom's shouts in answering echoes speak ;
And on the boundless blue of ocean's wave
Let broadsides boom in honor to the brave ;

And thou, proud eagle, Liberty's loved bird !
Flap thy strong wings, and let thy scream be heard
Where'er thy champions strike the avenging blow,
Or bear the flag against their country's foe !

* General Zachary Taylor.

TO A BLUE-BIRD ON MY WINDOW-SILL.

FIRST favorite of the flower-crowned spring,
Warbling glad welcomes from thy mouth,
Fold now awhile with us thy wing,
Sweet herald from the sunny south.

Just there you perched, a shining day,
Last April on that sill,—so near,
I heard each amorous word you'd say
In your loved lady-bird's coy ear.

'Twas quite a courtship, till some tone
More musical than all the rest
Won the coquette. "I'll be your own
Fond mate," she chirped ; "*go build the nest.*"

But where is *she* ? Ah ! sad to tell,
Cold winter closed her soft, bright eye ;
Mute, in the dead leaflets of the dell,
Where bleak winds through the dark woods sigh.

TO A BLUE-BIRD ON MY WINDOW-SILL. 89

And such is life ! Spring soon is past,
Ripe summer follows its brief bloom ;
Next cheerless autumn pipes its blast,
Then winter's winding-sheet and tomb.

A JOURNEY TO BEAVER ISLAND.

IN a sweeping curve at the foot of the highlands lies the old trading town of Mackinack, with its mixed populace on the dock of fishermen and mariners; wilted and tanned little old Frenchmen with shiny, weasel eyes and bushy eyebrows, enormous snuff-colored noses which sound like trombones when they blow them, and faces all puckered up and yellow like a handful of dried apples; half-breeds in moccasins and bright calico turbans; squaws with long raven black hair, calm and lustrous eyes, small hands and feet, and a host of papooses paddling about the water like an army of young muskrats; while over them all hang the dazzling white walls of the fort, and higher still floats the star-spangled banner in the blue dome above.

We only stopped here to take thence two Mormon prisoners charged with the murder of Bennett, and also the ex-actor and preacher Adams and his wife, to be used as witnesses at Beaver Island, the kingdom of the *pro tem.* deposed monarch of the Mormons.

Before sunset our voyage was ended, and we lay

snugly anchored in the lovely and almost land-locked harbor of the "Big Beaver." The cutters were manned, and the court, with its retinue of officers and prisoners, were landed, to make more arrests and arrangements for an immediate session. As one of the marshals, I with an associate remained ashore with one of the prisoners, for whose safety we were responsible to the civil authorities at Mackinack. No disposition to escape was manifested, and we slept in his log shanty with him and his family, and shared his hospitality, without the least suspicion, and justly, of treachery or flight. Here, by way of preface, I will say that the sketch I present of this singular people is the impression made on me, unbiassed, morally, politically, or personally; and I shall give a "plain, unvarnished tale" independent of either Mormon or anti-Mormon, approving what appeared commendable, and censuring that which seemed obnoxious and base.

By seven o'clock A.M. the court, being a special court of commission to take depositions, was convened in the printing-office near the beach, where, punctual to promise, King James appeared, with apostles, high-priests, etc., and a majority of those named in the indictment in the case of the "*United States vs. James Strang et al.*", for obstructing the United States mail and assaulting the carrier with deadly weapons." And we will say, as a compliment to all

concerned, that an equal amount of business was never before done in forty-eight hours by any court. Some thirty or forty witnesses, including several Chippewa Indians, who required two interpreters, one Indian, and that one to another in French, who then gave it in English (making it prolix and tedious), were sworn, examined, cross-examined, and often re-examined. An intelligent jury, under the charge of an honorable and enlightened judge, acquitted the prisoners of the charges alleged, and we bow in respect to their verdict and have not a word to say. But of these people as a community, or association *sui generis*, we have an opinion to express.

In the first place, why is it necessary for them as a body to exile themselves from all other Christian people and isolate themselves on a lonely island? Why is it that trouble and difficulty are engendered with their settlements wherever they go? When we look at the fact that they have already had two long and bloody wars with two sister States, and been banished from their borders to the wilds of Deseret and Utah, does it not argue, *prima facie*, that "there is something rotten in Denmark"? We find no other of the isms or ologies, whose name is legion, who thus seek out uninhabited regions and sever all intercourse with Gentiles; not but that they have a right to do so, and as long as they respect the laws should be fully pro-

tected by the laws in their singular preference. But to claim *title* to Beaver Island as a *bona fide* fee simple of soil by virtue of a *revelation to the Prophet Strang* (as claimed and sworn to by every witness challenged on this point, and declared in their printed memorial to Congress), in opposition to government plats and surveys and the patent of the United States, is a climax of absurdity. Is this, too, a *spiritual* title, like the power of their *king* and every other curiosity in their covenant or code?

The ceremony of the coronation of the king took place on Beaver Island on the 8th of July, 1850, just four days after we had celebrated our glorious Fourth of July for our happy deliverance *from* a king. The crown used was a tinsel thing of glass and pinchbeck, which had belonged to Adams the actor, and had been worn on the brow of many a mimic Richard the Third, and which, in imitation of Napoleon and Peter the Great, *Strang* too must clutch and put on with his own imperial hand. The royal robes were the thread-bare purple cotton-velvet wardrobe which had decked the same tyrant as he strode in terror across the stage at Mackinack. That his majesty kept from giggling when he beheld his court toggery showed a command over his risibles we thought him incapable of. The night previous "Pizarro" had been performed in the Tabernacle; his majesty was present,

and the royal consort, Mrs. Strang, played the character of Mrs. Pizarro.

From these scenes and facts sworn to by the Mormons themselves, we deem King James a crafty, shrewd, bold, bad man, and his people a deluded set of fanatics. Socially they were polite and well behaved; we believed them honest and sincere in their convictions that Strang was a veritable prophet of the Lord; they believed him to be inspired like Isaiah, and could foretell events, and had direct revelations from God. We saw a few gentlemen followers who were too sensible to be duped by such gammon; but as to their *doctrines*, so long as their *practice* does not violate the laws of the land it is none of our business. To say we did not notice the women would be claiming more of the modest Joseph of a bachelor than we have credit for. Most of them wear snow-white sun-bonnets and costumes *à la Bloomer*,—they claim the honor of this fashion.

The island is twelve miles long and from two to four broad, and has a population of six or seven hundred. There are about twenty-five families of Gentiles who live on one point and have very little intercourse with the saints. Fish, staves, potatoes, and fuel for boats are the staple products; though if the unfortunate feuds with their neighbors could be pacified, and the agricultural resources developed, it might become a

garden-spot and paradise of the north. Its religion, no matter how wild and absurd, unless treasonable to the civil power, is guaranteed by the Constitution of the State and the United States, and so long as it keeps within the pale of jurisprudence ought to be and will be protected. But if it sets up a higher law and substitutes a code of so-called *Revelations*, they must expect the penalty of their infraction, though they *spiritualize* the violation to the most transcendental sublimity and mysticism of the covenant, the coronation, the unknown tongues, *et id genus omne*.

A BOUQUET FROM THE TEMPERANCE
GIRLS. (Monroe, Mich., 1851.)

LIKE the half-opened buds of these June-scented
flowers

Is the fresh fragrant morning of life's happy hours ;
And the blush which glows through them, the poet-
voice speaks,

Is a ray from the rose-bloom on modesty's cheeks.

What to them gave their verdure, what painted their
hue ?

'Twas the soft, sunny shower—'twas the *drop of cool
dew.*

In the *wine-cup* they droop, hang their fair heads and
die,

But in *water* live pledges of friendship's strong tie.

So the flowers of feeling and blossoms of hope,
That luxuriantly in the heart's green gardens ope,
Will wither if around them the *grape's* festive vine
Its rank tendrils and clusters too closely entwine.

As sweet types of yourselves and sweet emblems of
spring,

Forever I'll keep them as beauty's pure off'ring ;
Press each leaf when it fades, and, wherever I go,
Take with me these tokens from the girls of Monroe.

44

MUSINGS.

"Melancholy

Sits on me as a cloud along the sky."

I'M worn and listless,—loneliness hath laid a spell
Upon me, and unbidden to my languid eye
I feel the tear-drop welling up, yet cannot tell
How I became so very wearisome, or why
I weep ; who hath not strangely felt at times the same
Sad something shadowing his heart ?—it hath no name.

Is it some phantom of the past haunting the brain ?
Or dark foreboding of our fate ? it matters not ;
Through the black clouds the sun will soon shine out
again,
And memory's gloom in hope's blue heavens be all
forgot,
The stars look brighter after being veiled awhile ;
So after sadness joy will wear a sweeter smile.

Before me lie the sparkling treasures of the sage
And peerless sons of song ; but passionless and dim
Seem now the thoughts that woo me to the wizard
page ;

I'll try and cheer my vigils with some vesper hymn
On the soul-breathing lute,—some soft familiar strain,
Soothing with gentle melody the spirit's pain.

“Oft in the stilly night,”—ah me ! it doth recall
My boyhood's idol, dazzling, dark-eyed Rosabelle.
Methinks I hear her harp again in the olden hall ;
I see once more the angel face I loved so well,
And kneel before its beauty as in that joyous time
When first I worshipped woman in my native clime.

“Home, home, sweet home,” how, as each liquid
silvery tone
Sighs meltingly and dreamily through the starry air,
Does fancy to my bosom fondly fold my own,
My best-loved mother. In the little parlor there
Where oft she blessed me with a smile so mild and
meek,—
Ah, would I could again caress that velvet cheek !

A mother's love ; oh, when our seeming friends betray ;
When malice whispers with a serpent's tongue our
name ;

When fortune frowns, and one by one life's links
decay,

It still clings 'round the ruin faithful and the same ;
The first to watch our cradle, and in after-years
'The last to leave our death-bed hallowed with tears.

'Tis midnight, and the noisy world is hushed in
sleep,—

Music and moonlight ! Sister mine, ye have had
A power the earth hath not to charm me with your
deep

And peaceful witchery,—I am now no longer sad,
But happy, and my lulled heart calmly sinks to rest
Like a pure infant pillowed on a parent's breast.

ON HEARING THAT THE "ATLANTIC" WAS
SAFE.

SHE's safe ! 'tis signalled from yon ship,—thank God !
Long wandering, worn and weary, on the broad
Lone sea, struck powerless on her watery path
By the strong hurricane's resistless wrath !

Joy ! all-pervading, through the city gushed,
As frantic friends in haste impetuous rushed
To hail, careering up the dark-blue bay,
The message steamer on her welcome way.

Then burst a deafening shout upon the shore !
Then o'er the billows boomed the cannon's roar !
Then a warm "God bless you !" many glad lips
spoke
From hearts which in their fulness almost broke.

Then pealed a hundred church-spires' silver bells,
Whose mingling music wafted heavenward swells
In tones soft-chiming a great people's praise,
Harmonious as the angel's liquid lays !

102 HEARING THE "ATLANTIC" WAS SAFE.

Swift as the dazzling lightning's fearful fires
The living flash flies on a thousand wires ;
The electric messengers of mind air-hung
Speaking their master's thoughts with wizard tongue.

Through every State in Freedom's wide dominions
flew

The tidings fast along the welkin blue ;
Then knelt a nation to the sailor's God, whose will
Wakes the wild storm or whispers, " Peace, be still !"

Oh, who with words, soul-thrilling though they be,
Can point the long, dark days of agony
Fond friends have felt ; the nights that knew no sleep,
Weeping for loved ones on the dangerous deep ?

Or who in sweetest syllables can sing
Her ecstasy to whom love's letters bring
His precious safety, whose cold dead hands
She dreamed were bleaching on the wave-washed
sands ?

Ah ! when the lost are *found*, the dead yet *live*,
What joy like this earth's best guerdons give !
Not all the honors of a monarch's court
Charm like the simple words, "*She's safe in port !*"

TO IRELAND. (1847.)

SADLY, sadly, along the solemn sea

Cometh a moan,—a piteous mournful wail,—
“God help the poor!” a voice speaks from the waves

Madly yet feebly. In the howling gale
The affrighted sailor on his night-watch hears
Strange sighs and stifled sobs, until his fears
See in the shrouds a phantom form in tears!

Around her pale brow droops a shamrock wreath,

Once fresh, but now faded its leaves and dead;
Dim is her blue eye, fevered her purple lip,

Her sunny hair's dishevell'd, and her lovely head
Bowed on her bosom. Far from famishing lands
She comes—the Spectre Genius,—erect she stands,
Image of woe, a broken harp in her listless hands.

Erin mavourneen, my once happy home,
How I loved by thy blue lakes and mountains to roam,
When thy daughters were fair and thy sons were free,
And the Emerald Isle was the gem of the sea.

Thy kings were mailed heroes, and baron and knight
Couched his lance for his lady and spurr'd to the
fight ;

And loud was the wassail in castle and hall,
And the gay pennon fluttered from turret and wall.

Then plenty rewarded the strong arm of toil,
And the golden-plumed harvest waved over the soil ;
Then among nations thou wert bright as a star,
And thy bards sang the bold hymn of "Erin go
bragh !"

But hushed is the song of thy ancient renown,
And the star of thy glory in night has gone down ;
Thy sons kneel like serfs to the flag of St. George,
And crouch in the fetters their task-masters forge.

Gaunt Famine now stalks like a ghost through the land,
And Death knocketh loud with his skeleton hand
At the hut of the peasant and down the throng'd
street,

Crying, "Ho for the coffin and winding-sheet !"

On the cold earth gasps a mother for bread ;
The baby she clasped in her fond arms is dead ;
Her husband for food in delirium doth gnaw,
Like a wolf wild with hunger, his pallet of straw.

In a corner an old man is sitting alone,—
Beside him a crutch and a worm-eaten bone.
He is *mad*; see his red eyes how fiercely they glare
As his palsied hands tear from his scalp the gray hair.

Oh, ill-fated Ireland! the finger of God
Has smitten, Pestilence walketh abroad;
Grim Want day and night is digging thy grave;
Thou'st no friend to soothe thee, no strong arm to
save.

Thus sang the exile,—Genius Despair,—
When suddenly a ship as softly as down
Swept swiftly by with its snowy sails set,
Swimming the waves like a stately white swan.
Her deck is manned with proud Yankee tars,
While floats victorious from her towering spars
The peerless banner of the stripes and stars.*

No bristling bayonets o'er her bulwarks gleam;
No cannon thunders through her tranquil sides;
A snow-winged floating messenger of joy,
Upon the rolling surges fast she rides.
Columbia's eagle on her topmost peak,

* The frigate "Macedonia," sent with provisions by order of Congress, 1847.

An olive leaf, Hope's signal to the weak,
Like a dove it bears in his unconquer'd beak.

God speed thy godly errand, gallant ship !

A nation's prayers are with thee on the sea ;
And when thy anchor drops on Erin's shores

A nation's gratitude will welcome thee.
'Thus ever be our country's flag unfurled,
'Till from each throne the tyrant kings are hurled,
And freedom, peace, and plenty rule the world.

OH, not amid the city's throng .

I'd breathe my soul's last prayer,
But listening to the wild bird's song

In the sweet country air,
There let me through the flowers be borne
To the lonely, quiet wood,
Where o'er me sad doves may mourn
In nature's deepest solitude.

Like

TO THE OLD PEAR-TREES OF DETROIT.

(1849.)

A HUNDRED years and more ye have stood
Through sunshine and through storms,
And still like warriors clad in mail
Ye lift your stalwart forms.

Proud in your might, ye challenge the winds
As in your palmy days;
And ye laugh in scorn at the howling blast
And the lightning's lurid blaze.

Ye have seen the boy in his childhood play
In your cool shades blithe and brave,
And have moaned with the evening summer breeze
O'er the old grandsire's grave.

From your lofty tops o'er the river blue
Ye have looked, long, long ago,
As the savage leaped on the shining sands
With scalping-knife and bow.

Beneath your leafy boughs the painted chief
Has pitched his peaked tent,
And the council-fire through your quivering leaves
Its silver smoke has sent.

From the frontier fort ye have seen the flash
And heard the cannon's boom,
Till the stars and stripes in victory waved
Through the battle's glare and gloom.

When the ancient city fell by the flames,
Ye saw it in ashes expire,
But, like true sentinels, kept your posts
In the blazing whirl of fire.

And where tall temples now lift their spires
And priest and people meet,
Ye have seen the giant forest oak
And the wild deer bounding fleet.

Where the white-sailed ship now rides the wave
Ye have watched the bark canoe,
And heard in the night the voyager's song
And the Indian's shrill halloo.

The lingering few "vieux habitants"
Look at ye with a sigh,

And memory's tear-drop dims their gaze
While they think of the times gone by.

Oh ! those were honest and happy times,
The simple days of old,
When their forefathers quaffed and laughed
And lived for more than gold.

One by one like brown autumnal leaves
They are fast falling to the ground,
And soon the last of that honored race
Beneath the yew-tree will be found.

Live on, old trees, in your hale green age !
Long, long may your shadows last,
With your blossomed boughs and golden fruit,
Loved emblems of the past.

A SAGACIOUS NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

A GENTLEMAN of Detroit was awakened one night by his favorite Newfoundland barking under his chamber window, and seeming to say most distinctly, "Get up! get up, sir! get up! On complying with orders and opening the hall-door, instead of rushing in, Carlo galloped off post-haste around to the back-yard. Following him, he found to his surprise the stable-door down where he kept his superb and dearly-prized sorrels. The dog was pawing at it and looking up to his master, plainly intimating that he wanted his assistance to nail the door up again on its hinges. This being soon done, he wagged his tail as if satisfied with the job, curled up his huge frame before it as a trusty sentinel, and, with a guttural good-night, informed his master that he now might go to bed again.

THE SNOW-STORM.

FLUTTERING through the crystal air
To earth's cold bosom bare,
Feathery snow-flakes float around,
Softly falling to the ground.

See the rosy, ruddy boy
Jumping, whooping, wild with joy,
Gathering ammunition white
For the pelting snowball fight.

Or on sleds from hill-side high
Down, their rival race they fly
Like swift arrows from a bow,
Treading up with footsteps slow.

Now sleek steeds are proudly prancing,—
Under hoods bright eyes are glancing,—
Dashing gayly through the snow-storm
Wrapp'd in robes and beavers warm.

Sweet the silvery laughter swells
On the wind with merry bells ;
Lovers steal a kiss in joke,
And snorting steeds reek with smoke.

Gallants on the girls make call
For the romping country ball ;
Whirling through the glistening snow,
Stars above, bright eyes below.

While the old folks by the fire
Pile the blazing fagots higher,
Listening to the sleigh-bell chimes,
Dreaming of old Christmas times.

Oh, the winter wind blows cold
And a *woman*, wan and old,
O'er a dim and dying ember
Clasps her hands in bleak December.

Underneath her rattling door
How the snow creeps on the floor,
And blows through the broken pane
Looking o'er the lonely plain !

Hark ! a faint voice from the bed
Feebly cries, " Oh, mother, *bread !* "

While the widow mournfully,
Shivering sobs in poverty.

Sewing by the flickering light,
(Ah, it was a pitiful sight !)
Sitting in patched and tattered clothes,
Her slender fingers chilly froze.

Yet her needle slowly plies,
Till a tear-drop blinds her eyes,
Stealing down her face yet mild,
Working for her starving child.

All is dark,—a party gay
Pass on as she gropes her way
To that pale child,—not to sleep ;
No, for she must pray and weep.

Weep because there are few so good
As to give to the suffering food,
Few to think and less to care
For them in their deep despair.

LIKE the good Samaritan,
On life's wayside who can
Help the needy, feed the poor,
And God will bless thee evermore.

LOSS OF THE LAKE ERIE STEAMER "GRIF- FITH."

(When two hundred and eighty-six souls perished.)

UPON a gentle golden night
In the sweet month of June,
A gallant vessel gayly sailed
Beneath the silver moon.

The placid sky was spangled o'er
With heaven's star-glittering gems,
The blazing jewels that adorn
The angels' diadems.

Three hundred souls within that bark
In peaceful slumbers lay,
Lulled by the rippling frolic waves
That laughed and leaped in play.

The hardy, sun-bronzed emigrant
Back to his Fatherland
In dreams returned, and clasped again
An aged mother's hand.

A blue-eyed girl upon the deck
In broken murmurs sighed
For one she loved, and wept, and hoped
To be his Switzer bride.

She saw in her dream the vine-clad hills,
A hut and peasant-boy,
The rushing Rhine, and oh ! a tear
Suffused her eye with joy.

Above her high-born ladies slept
Where tassell'd bright lamps swung,
And gorgeous silken canopies
O'er snow-white bosoms hung.

But which was happiest, that poor girl
Unschool'd in fashion's art,
Or the proud, beautiful coquette
Of false and frozen heart ?

The helmsman steady turns his wheel,
The captain's at his post,

While safe and merrily she glides
Along the curving coast.

All's well ! no sounds of danger nigh
On the hushed waters break,
But silence like a seraph smiles
Down on the deep blue lake.

When lo ! a column of thick smoke
Curls slowly from the hold,
Enveloping each sleeper's face
In its black phantom fold.

Then suddenly a forked flame
Darts high, another higher !
And now a wild shriek of despair,
Oh, God, the ship's on fire !

"Quick ! wheelsman," shouts a frantic voice,
"Run her hard to the shore !"
While furious whirlwinds of red fire
Around her flash and roar.

Oh, horror ! on a reef she strikes
Fast in the fatal sand.
Is there *no hope* ? Alas, she's lost !
It is a mile to land.

Now madly in the lurid waves,
Together and alone,
The gray-hair'd sire and sinewy son
Sink with despairing groan.

A mother clasps with frantic arms
Her trembling, darling child,
And, calling on her husband, sinks
Amid the waters wild.

Above them howls the hurricane's
Hot, suffocating breath ;
Below them in the billows' foam
The winding-sheet of death !

- The captain, terrified, yet calm,
And faithful to the last,
With one arm round his wife and babe,
Clings to the burning mast.

Then hurling each with maniac strength
Into the gurgling waves,
Leaped after, and united seek
Their cold, uncoffin'd graves !

There on the green and glassy surge
Looks up a lovely face ;

One struggle more,—the white foam floats
Above her resting-place !

Beyond, strong arms are battling with
The breaker's strangling might ;
In vain, they ne'er again shall see
To-morrow's blessed light.

The sun illumes the rosy east,
And pale-faced people stand
Gazing upon a smoking wreck
And dead men on the strand.

Ah me ! it was a sad, sad sight,—
Bleached lips and prayer-clasped hands !
A ghastly, livid multitude
Far from their native lands.

Another day,—*one little day*,
And their feet would have prest
Their long sought, happy prairie homes
In the wide and welcome West.

But no,—kind strangers bury them
Beneath the daisied turf,
Be Erie's banks their resting-place
By the solemn-sounding surf.

LOSS OF THE STEAMER "GRIFFITH." 119

There with its music for their dirge
Together let them lay,
Till the trump sounds on sea and land
The resurrection day.

FANCIES IN A FOURTH STORY.

HERE in a brick and mortar eyry perched
Look down upon the dusty, swarming streets,
And in the avenue's kaleidoscope
Survey its shifting forms and varying hues ;
From the gray dawn till midnight thou may'st see
The living panorama move along,
Most picturesque with many-color'd crowds
Of people ; steeples, domes, and masts of ships,
Block after block of red brick palaces,
Gas lamps and gilded signs, and multitudes
Of men and women, merchants and brokers,
Constables and doctors, hurrying by
Like locomotives. At the corner stands
A group of politicians frothy with
Loud zeal,—the oracles of political
Conventions, and the guardians of all
Pay-triotism. Here, there, everywhere, a
Host of young street-sweepers flourishing big
Brooms, one minute sweeping off the mud, then
On again the next, holding out their

Little hands, bare-footed and in tatters,
Asking alms. A pale-faced lady clad in
Mourning stops, and, pushing back the glossy
Curls around a beggar girl's sweet brow, so
Like her lost one sleeping now in Elmwood,
Presses in her palm a silver coin, and
With an aching heart glides on, while a lean,
Miserable miser quickens his pace
At Charity's meek, timid call like a
Gaunt hyena hastening to a grave.
Next a bevy of gay girls with tempting
Cherry lips and long-lashed eyes of liquid
Tenderness flit by : spring butterflies in
All the beauty of the latest, last
Mode de Paris. After them a swarthy
Band of Indian girls, with long black plaited
Hair, soft eyes of jet, and tiny feet in
Beaded moccasins, with packs of willow
Baskets on their backs and blankets round their
Sun-bronzed, tapering limbs, step noiseless through
The city* where their ancestors once roamed
Its lords and chased the red deer 'mid its shades.

But ha ! here comes a funny crowd of fat,
Broad-shoulder'd, squabby, honest, full-moon-faced

* Detroit.

Mynheers, fresh landed from the faderland,
In velvet jackets with bell-buttons and
Blue blouses, stuck in wooden shoes, while clouds
Of smoke curl up incessant from the bowls
Of their long meerschaums, as if, like the slow
Propeller they've just left, they waddled on
By steam. The bell peals twelve, appealing to
Each citizen carnivorous to heed
Its joyful summons to the inner man.
Now hungry clerks in flying squadrons to
Their lodgings flock,—for time is money if
We handle yardsticks or a knife and fork,—
And pretty milliners in tidy sacks
And blue veils skip, while from his workshop hies
The hale mechanic smacking oft his lips
With appetite bank dividends cannot buy,
Anticipative of a round of hot
Roast beef. The cold winds of the North 'tis said
Induce *consumptive* habits; 'tis too true,—
Particularly of fresh whitefish and
Potatoes three times each blessed day.

Dashing with speed impetuous, amid
A cloud of dust, gay-color'd cabs and hacks,
The burly omnibus and rattling dray,
Whirl o'er the stone-paved sonorous streets, as
Round the river's curving shore a black, tall

Column of advancing smoke heralds a
Steamer from the broad blue lake. Slow creaking,
Hid beneath a ponderous pyramid
Of hay, a country wagon creeps along,
While whistling on its apex happy sits
In homespun and straw hat the farmer boy ;
A French cart next goes bouncing by, *les filles*
All seated *à la Turque* upon the soft
Warm buffaloes, and bobbing up and down
With each jerk of that relic of the old
Régime, while rolling swift on flashing wheels,
Behind two snorting, shining bays, a coach
Silk-cushioned glitters proudly by, a pet
With white-kid hand upon the panel seen,—
Index of envied aristocracy.
Oh, were the history of some who sport
Such equipages painted on the door,
With damask curtains hung and silver-hinged,
What a rich farce on fashion's follies, what
A pungent satire upon parvenus
And coats of arms and pedigrees, 'twould tell !
What coaxing, consultations, smiles and frowns,
Curtailments in the family finance,
Entreaties, arguments, and tears, until
Poor pa and husband groaned a dolorous
Amen and gave his check,—convinced his wife
Had just as good a right to ride as the

Exclusive circle of the upper ten !
True aristocracy commands respect,
And wears becomingly a wealthy garb ;
Is dignified, refined, and courteous,
Proud of its ancestral honor won by
Noble deeds, not its own peacock plumage.
But *bastard*, bah ! sickens like garden hemlock,—
The mushroom man, who by some lucky shower
Pops from the cesspool soil a millionaire ;
Whose *carte-blanche* to *haut ton* he carries in
His breeches-pocket, stuffed with title-deeds
And mortgages, while his forehead's labelled
Like a house without a tenant, "empty,"
"Rooms to let." But lo ! the last, remorseless
Leveller of human pride and power,
Grim Death, his black steeds and his sable hearse
Drives mute along the bustling streets,—his tall,
Dark plumes of victory nod o'er the pall,
While a long train of mourners silently
And sadly follow in the muffled march
Which soon will tramp behind *their* coffins to
The "city of the dead." The pageant has passed
Along,—a pantomime of grief in life's poor
Play,—such is the end of man's ambition ;
A few friends to bear him hence to his cold,
Graveyard home, a sob of sorrow as the
Damp clod rattles on the hollow roof that

Covers the frail, narrow "house appointed
For the living," then a marble pillar
Or a chiselled slab, and he's forever
Left with the creeping worms, alone, forgot!

MAY.

Oh, welcome, welcome to the perfumed spring !
The Queen of May with rosy fingers has
Withdrawn the veil of snow from Nature's face,
And the white-bearded frost-king of the North,
Conquered, has laid his ice-crown at her feet.
Again the south-wind, scented with the breath
Of blossoms, softly stirs the golden air ;
Bright birds are carolling sweet pæans in
The budded woods, and the blue river runs
Rejoicing, while its waves, unfetter'd, dance
In wild glee to the pipings of the breeze.
See now, beyond the roofs, the graceful ships
Majestic move along the azure arch ;
The sloping banks of Canada beyond
Are glistening in green, and on the beach
The yellow-rinded willows bend low down
To dip their red buds in the dimpled stream.

I'm weary of the pent-up city walls,
And pant to climb some hill-side spangled o'er
With dappled daisies, and lie down alone

Upon the velvet grass with half-closed eyes,
Lulled by the whispering of the little leaves,
The drowsy harmony of humming bees,
The gurgle of the crystal brook along
The moss-grown rocks,—the poet-music of
The harps invisible, that hang among
The fairy-haunted dells and dream of home !
Or sit beneath the wind-fill'd sail and skim
The billows, rocking in my cradle boat
Between the white-caps of the sounding surge ;
Or pull with sinewy stroke the bending
Oar, while singing with a tranquil heart some
Dear old melody of happier days.

JENNY LIND AND HER LAST CONCERT AT BUFFALO.

THE poetic gas has been bubbling up so rapidly in our brain for the last forty-eight hours, that for fear in our frenzy we might break loose from our anchorage on earth like an inflated balloon, we will gradually let our ideas effervesce through the safety-valve of a goose-quill.

Heigh-ho! another of the bright dreams of life is over. The fairy vision has fled, the spell is broken, the long-looked-for hour (short, but *how* sweet!) has come and gone. I have at last seen the musical wonder, the *nonpareille* of the world,—the gifted and the good, the generous, the glorious, the peerless, soul-inspiring, bewitching Jenny Lind! To go on with my adjectives, she is a woman with an *angel's voice and heart*, and stands alone the empress of song in the spirit-realms of genius. It is not her *art*, but her *genius*, that immortalizes her and endows her with the imperial and victorious *veni, vidi, vici!* She combines with this the virtues of benevolence and charity, and prompts you to patronize her, knowing that your pur-

chase will find its way to some friendless widow or dry the tear of a desolate orphan. The flesh-and-blood embodiment of Jenny Lind is merely the casket which contains the precious jewel of the ideal and the unseen, till opened by the touch of music. She is, when not singing, but a plain, well-proportioned woman, with gentle eyes and sunny brown hair. But in song, what a transformation ! what an illumination of face and feature, as the tide of melody wells up and bursts forth in a wild gush of joy ! Her eyes open and beam like stars ; the blood flies through every vein ; her hands are clasped together ; she rises to her full height, and, poised on tiptoe, she smilingly abandons herself to her inspiration and soars up and on, higher and higher beyond the clouds of art, fluttering like a bird seeking its long-lost home in the blue heaven of song !

She wore a rich dress of white lace and satin, with a rose-wreath on her brow, a small brilliant on her neck, bare arms, white kid gloves, with a crimson bracelet or bandeau, and held a silver fan. Her début was in the aria of Handel's "Messiah," "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and was poured forth in a peal of triumph, full of confidence in a blessed resurrection and the sublime truths of the Christian's faith. "I know," in the *da capo*, was given with an impassioned emphasis that sounded through and lingered with every heart ; and, "though worms destroy this

body yet in my flesh shall I see God," was chanted in a strain of lofty and holy assurance that almost shook the walls of the temple. "Casta Diva" from "Norma" was delicious. We were, in short, carried off in a musical whirlwind, and felt that the elysium to which she transported us was no place for taking notes, except such as our ears drank in. This is our simple standard of criticism in song, eloquence, statuary, and painting, the irresistible *power* they exert over our senses, sympathies, and wills.

The Gypsy's song, by Meyerbeer, "John Anderson my Jo," and "Coming thro' the Rye" were sung with sweet simplicity and pathos; in the last we recollect holding our breath in ecstasy to the last line. She retired and reappeared again and again to deafening encores. Playfully seating herself at the piano, while her fingers ran carelessly over the chords, it was then that she revelled in all the beauties and difficulties of the Echo song, now filling the vast church aisles and galleries with the volume of her voice, till it seemed to overflow, and then murmured off in melodious waves through the windows; and now by a kind of ventriloquism repeating in distant but distinct echoes the silvery sounds. It was thrillingly grand!

Have you ever heard in the woods of the South a glad and glorious mocking-bird, swinging in the cool breeze among the buds and blossoms of a magnolia-

tree by a rippling brook, sit and sing by the hour to the sun? First it imitates every note that every songster in the grove can utter, until ashamed of its own feeble efforts, they all at last sit in silence with folded wings to learn and listen. How rich and varied is the roundelay! One minute piping the very accents they fondly thought only theirs, the next running rapidly up and down the scale of woodland semi-tones, until, having gone through the whole rural gamut, it mounts up into the mysteries of its own originality, and with sparkling eye, quivering, outspread pinions, and its body trembling and dilating with the electricity of passion, it proudly and poetically warbles away its very soul! This is but a faint idea of the music of Jenny Lind. A few years ago a poor, unknown peasant-girl of Sweden, now the mistress of millions, and the world's idol *artiste* in the Temple of Song!

A FUNERAL AND A WEDDING.

THE black-robed priest at the altar stands,
And bendeth his knee in prayer,
As the silver censer with pious hands
He swings in the perfumed air.

The solemn mass for a Christian dead
Moans sad from the veiled choir,
And a gray-haired woman bows low her head
As the bell tolls in the spire.

A coffin in crape lies on the bier,
And the church's tapers tall
Give a ghostly light, and the widow's tear
Down her pale cheeks sadly fall.

The beaded drops of the water blessed
Have sprinkled the velvet pall,
And the soul has been sweetly sung to its rest
With the saints on the pictured wall.

And away through the aisle the body is borne
Where Mount Elliott's cedars wave ;
A silent group you may see there mourn
'Round a lonely new-made grave.

Ashes to ashes ! The widow weeps
As the clod on the coffin'd face
Sounds loud ; a shriek,—and the old man sleeps
In his last, long resting-place.

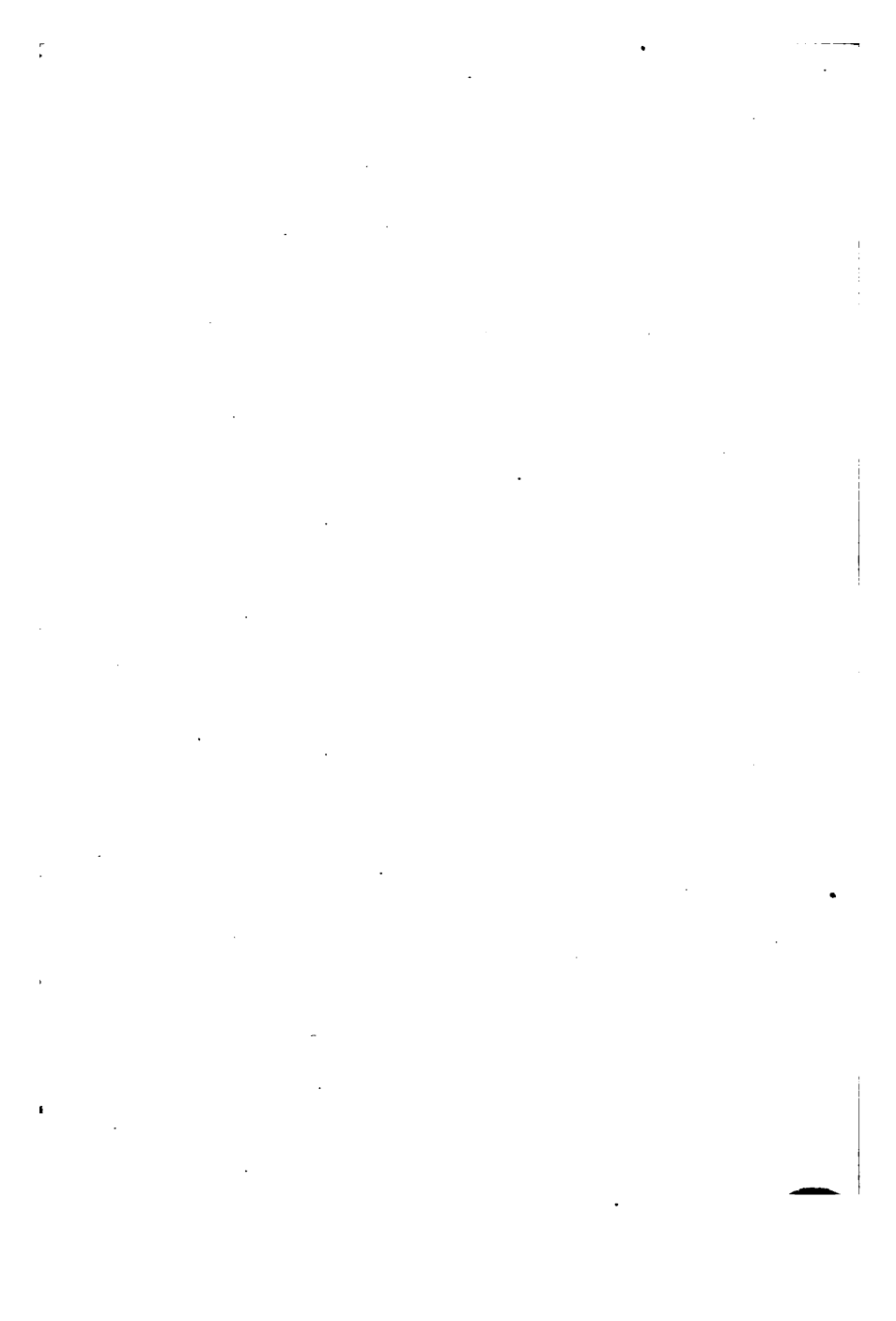
The white-robed priest at the altar stands,
And a maiden is kneeling there ;
Benedicite ! daughter,—and layeth his hands
'Mong the curls of her raven hair.

A plain gold ring on her finger white,
Love's symbol, is shining now,
And in her blue eye a tear of delight,
And a rose-bud on her brow.

A merry train, the belle and the beau,
Pass through St. Anne's church-gate,
Where the plumed hearse an hour ago
For the old man's corse did wait !

A picture is this of life's fleeting show !
 One hour, hope's marriage bell ;
The next, to the heart what tones of woe
 May its iron tongue not tell !

THE END.



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